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Bitter Lessons

Cyprus now faces the future without the man who brought it to nationhood, at a time when that very nationhood is being threatened. On the day that Archbishop Makarios died, the Turks began to 'settle' the captured and empty city of Famagusta. For the Cypriots themselves this is an agonising and continuing problem. Might it, perhaps, also be considered a problem for the British Government? It is, after all, not every day that a Commonwealth country is forcibly colonised by a supposed Nato ally. But one would have to be very alert to detect any symptoms of concern or awareness on Labour's part. Perhaps a clue lies in Richard Crossman's *Diaries of a Cabinet Minister*, where the entry for 28 July 1967 reads:

> We then turned to an astonishing paper on Cyprus . . . this paper advised that if on the instructions of the Greek government the Greek army in Cyprus staged a coup against Makarios in order to achieve Enosis, we should dissent from it but prevent our troops getting engaged . . . Denis Healey and I were the only two people there who had noticed this extraordinary proposal. A Commonwealth country is attacked by a fascist dictatorship and although we have 15,000 armed men there we stand aside.

When that precise contingency did arise in 1974, the excuse of the British Government, and of James Callaghan in particular, was that they had been taken by surprise. In fact, as we now know, their inertia was simply a small play in one of Henry Kissinger's sordid end games, and the memorial for that is a sovereign state cut brutally in half with one third of its population rendered homeless.

The official British line still seems to be that while the Cypriots owe us a few bases on their territory, we owe them nothing in return. The NEW STATESMAN has always argued over the years for a more realistic post-imperial foreign policy: a policy as far as possible without illusions. That argument rages with a special force this week, courtesy of the Central Policy Review Staff. But just as national debilitation would be no excuse for say, abandoning Belize to the tender mercies of the Guatemalan army, nor does it provide the alibi for those who wish to dishonour our treaty with Cyprus.

Dr David Owen has echoed most of President Carter's foreign policy initiatives, especially in the field of human rights. Very well. A country under our protection has been subjected, according to the European Human Rights Commission, to a Turkish occupation which violates the Convention on Human Rights under five separate counts. These include massacre of civilians, rape, looting and other atrocities. What has the Foreign Secretary to say about that? Well, nothing so far. Which is a disgrace, because it is one of the few cases of oppression which Britain could do something about, and is pledged to do something about.

Ever since Disraeli cynically referred to the original acquisition of the island as 'a thief's deal', Cyprus has been a test of British good faith; and one which has been repeatedly failed. Winston Churchill's promise of self-determination in 1945 was broken (by Labour, be it remembered). The Tories made a bloody fiasco of Cyprus affairs all through the Fifties, with every variety of repression tried and found wanting. We jointly forced an unworkable constitution on the island in 1960. We failed even to admonish the Greek junta despite advance warning of its aggressive plans. And we have let the Turks get away, literally, with murder.

Cyprus after Makarios will not be a happy or a stable place. The gerrymander which has brought the Right back to power in Ankara was motivated by the desire to strengthen the hold of Turkey on its conquered territories. The shadowy Greek fascist forces on the island are not yet extinct either, though they no longer enjoy the covert patronage of Athens or the CIA. As the hope of a return home for the refugees is brutally crushed, other resentments and rivalries may surface. So far, Cyprus has been left to fester as a victim of aggression, of secret diplomacy, of racial irredentism. It has never been a passive victim in the past, and is unlikely to be so in the future. The British Government should try to be on the right side next time.

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Spotlight on Politics

Fred Inglis*

A New Language for Socialists

The Labour movement doesn't know what to believe in. Or rather, either it believes in a series of fierce, scathing, and irresolvable contradictions, or else it sonorously invokes beliefs which are all gassy spirit – which, in other words, have no social and material form.

Aha, what does old Materialism think? Why, that the dialectical processes of history are fastened to the systems of production. Which, when you unpack it a bit, turns out to mean that correct socialists subscribe to one of two lists of articles. The first, or Sunbeam Talbot model, may be bought any year in Blackpool. It holds that assorted mill-owners and steel barons, easily to be picked out because of shiny pink fat bulging out all over their starched collars and due to a surfeit of working-class babies, sit about in mansions deciding how to cut wages by speeding up inflation, before waddling out to cheat the poor of his pittance by doping the winner of the Goodwood Gold Cup.

The other view, cased in the Iron Heads of the new Saracens, prefers a story in which the same conspiracy works, but larger and better. This time, it's run by faceless robots of the multinationals who have hired the Quislings of the working class and made them dupe their audience, deliberately kept ignorant by the imperialism of knowledge, into supposing that things have got better because they can put in for a hundred quid a week.

Truth, no doubt one could say in a burst of fair-mindedness, on both sides. Of the two, one might prefer the first world-picture. Alf, Lord Robens and Dick, Lord Beeching are still around, and built roughly on the lines of not too quick-moving sealions. It helps to be able to pick on a few enemies. But either view requires the intellectual storage of a pickled walnut to believe in it devoutly. The state was driven into the engine room of capitalism by John Maynard Keynes, and has stayed there ever since. But no one can doubt that even the miners of Ashfield want it to remain there. And even if some of them don't (those who abstained in the by-election, I expect, as opposed to voting Tory) the state in capitalist society looks far more like withering away than those in socialist societies, which have just about the least withered-away state apparatuses and repressive machineries this side of paradise.

Now of course it won't do, as the Saracen tells us, just to pick on some versions of pastoral socialism. These have in any case been betrayed by the traitors; and the well-known and established laws of uneven development (roughly to be glossed as the view that the world is a mess) mean that these societies aren't yet ready to fulfil the promises and freedoms of socialism. But if the revolutionary or even the managerial and quick change-agent have visions of a clean, well-lighted place at the end of a very long tunnel, it remains true that a great many drastically unfree people live and die in the tunnel, of hunger, illness, anguish, and cruelty, with or without a little patience. Freedom shines from the delectable mountains. Until then, the advice is be of good courage and struggle for your rights.

Rights, right? Much play is made by our boyish faun of a Foreign Minister with human rights, and indeed they are horribly mutilated in Uganda, South Africa, the USSR, and most other places Mr Carter tells him to mention. But if the word rights means, give or take a bit, liberty, equality, fraternity, it's at least true in this country that it's the latter battle cry which most needs fighting for.

The private face of socialism in this country is the structural antithesis of the public. In public, the class war, the struggle against the owners. In private, an unbridled individualism. Liberty turns out to mean radical personalisation. The new authenticity looks very like the old selfishness. As soon as I hear appeals to self-discovery, remaking of identity, searchings for personal freedom, I reach for my revolver. Because these are the glistening moralities of the *Cosmopolitan*-and-Harrods culture. Try this style. Buy and fly me. Put on and throw away. Have a new life, the old is out of fashion. Ditch that wife. Try this husband.

In this world, you go window-shopping for an identity, and you put on a self with the fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics junked by the international celebrities. A Dulux-bright glamour is enamelled over *anything*, so that urban guerrillas can wear GVN olive-greens and Marshall Ky flashes, and panti-hose is brand-named 'Revolutionary'. But glamour is simply the commercial packaging of envy; its structural complement is the national institutionalisation of self-pity, audible in every trumpery call to terrorism, in every Rees-Mogg editorial, in every pit disaster tale. For all the flourishing of commitments, we have a political morality which has lost its fraternity and has no sense of loyalty.

By celebrating individual freedom and the democracy of the opinionated, the language of socialism is now unable to speak of good and evil. By the hideous reduction of democracy to choice, we have made ourselves helpless before lives and ways of living which are merely greedy, rancorous, and self-seeking. If you remove the motor driven by the standards of living (as we say), what is left to believe in?

No socialist *party* now in this country can tell us. President Nyerere might; William Morris, for all that he would have been stupidly wrong to dislike washing machines, could certainly once have done so. But no socialist in this country – or not one who would be listened to – now speaks of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, truth. Why ever not? Aren't these at least some of the terms which socialism has always offered as the material (*sic*) of the good society?

Some signals in the baffling inanity of world communications are clear. Certain key values are on the move. However much like a colour-supplement apocalypse it sounds, we are on the hinge of an epoch. The elemental infinites have stopped: energy, food, space – earth, air, fire, and water. And the greatest of these is capital, of which there is also not enough to go round. In these circumstances, the utilitarian values shipped globally abroad by the reconstruction of Europe since 1945 simply won't do. The central meanings of what we tell our children are breaking down. The earth is not an inexhaustible resource bank; freedom is not membership of the productive elite; death is not a monument in the lives of your prosperous children; the past may not have been worse than the victorious present; work isn't everything.

If the brave new world is to be remotely worth living in, it will need a richer vocabulary than is supplied either by Sunny Jim's big beam or by the initialled dottiness of SWP, IMG, YC, and the rest. It will need to speak of the virtues of fraternity, and in invoking rights, will need to stress that, as a logical necessity, they entail duties. Freedom, notoriously, is freedom to do something, and that something must be worth doing. What we do should be good and not evil, right and not wrong. In the foreseeable future that will mean shackling greed, stopping waste, putting into reverse the whole monstrous juggernaut, until a quiet life is again imaginable, and children are safe, and men and women owe their lives to a common destiny and not a set of interests. To say so may sound dewy-eyed this week, but by 2001 it will look, as it is, the merest unregarded platitude. Only the Right should find the lesson hard to learn; it ought to come easy to socialists.

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James Fenton writes on page 174

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Anthony Howard

Britain's Voice Abroad

The think tank's report on the Foreign Office – or, to give it its proper title, the 'Review of Overseas Representation' by the Central Policy Review Staff (HMSO £8.50) – evoked its most favourable response on Wednesday morning in the columns of the *Morning Star*. Of course the Diplomatic Service has never exactly been the Left's pin-up and any effort to cut it down to size – or, better still, to strip its members of some of their perks – deserves a cheer. The notion that a counsellor in a British embassy requires to be paid on the basis of a national need to entertain some 800 people a year is, quite simply, ludicrous. He should be able to rub along perfectly adequately, as the report suggests, on an entertainment allowance exactly half of that. Who else among us, after all, would even notionally contemplate the idea of entertaining 400 people a year?

The report, in fact, does a useful job in throwing an inconvenient shaft of light into some of the Foreign Office's mustier corners. There is a particularly damning section on the role of service attachés. The British Defence Staff in Washington alone numbers 168 people and costs £1.5m. a year to maintain; the report suggests it should be reduced by a third, which some may think a modest enough decrease. Perhaps less likely to be popular with the Labour movement, but probably equally sensible, is the recommendation for the phasing out of labour attachés altogether; only 12 embassies currently have them and, isolated as they tend to be from the work of their other colleagues, they seem to have survived principally because they were an innovation introduced by Ernie Bevin (of blessed FO memory). One thing to be said strongly in favour of the CPRS team who produced this report is that they do not suffer from any form of *pietas*.

So much, indeed, was evident from the photograph of all seven of them that appeared on the front page of *The Times* last week. When it first struck my eye, I thought it was an election poster summing up Dr David Owen's vision of the New Britain: everyone, as it were, youthful, informal, bright-eyed and ready to cut out the cant. And the report does, in fact, represent a coherent effort to work out a modern unsentimental view of Britain's proper role in the contemporary world. It is not just the ghost of Carlton Browne of the FO that it lays to rest: it also treads equally firmly on some more recent actual examples of political nostalgia. It is possible, for example, to wonder whether the following passage would ever have seen the light of day if Sir Harold Wilson had still been Prime Minister:

> The UK has tended to launch initiatives or involve itself in international crises when because of its reduced power it has little hope of achieving its objectives. Examples range from the Suez campaign in 1956 to the Vietnam conflict in the 1960s. Even though the decline in the UK's relative power may cease in the next ten to 15 years, there is in our view virtually no prospect of the UK's recovering of that timescale position in which it can undertake major political or economic initiatives on its own.

That is well and usefully said, and the *motif* that runs through the report, that Britain must in future cut its coat according to the cloth available and not continue to dress itself in the 'drag' of world power, is if not original then at least unexceptionable. What, however, is more doubtful is the validity of that advice across-the-board. The danger is that the think tank's advocacy of self-restraint can all too easily spill over into a total abandonment of any self-confidence at all.

THE DOWNING STREET NIGHTMARE

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The vulnerable aspects of the report come predictably in those areas where it seeks to apply the methods of cost accounting to intangibles. How much, for example, is the reputation of the BBC throughout the world worth to Britain? At the moment the BBC's overseas services cost the taxpayer (and in this case it *is* the taxpayer, since the BBC's external broadcasting and monitoring services are paid for out of a Foreign Office block grant) £28.4m. a year. Most of us, I suspect, would regard that as money well spent – certainly a great deal better spent than the £15.8m. a year that the taxpayer is obliged to contribute to the country's 'official information services'. But the report still proposes pruning the BBC's Foreign Office budget to the tune of something just short of £3m. a year. That may at first sight seem a modest figure – but in fact a saving of under 10 per cent in costs can only be purchased at the price of closing down 40 per cent of the BBC's current hours of overseas broadcasting. If the think tank's recommendations are accepted there will be a complete 8-hour close-down in all overseas broadcasting every day, a total stoppage of all broadcasting to Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States, no more programmes for the Japanese, the Burmese and the Somalis and no European language broadcasts of any kind to Western Europe. That is not a prudent bit of accounting: it is a piece of political lunacy.

It is also the kind of lunacy that could only be suggested by fundamentally insensitive minds. The think tank report makes a great deal of the fact that there really is no need for the BBC to beam objective news to people already in a position to get it from their own broadcasting services – hence the proposed ban on all broadcasting to Europe apart from the communist countries. Leaving aside just how 'objective' Athens radio was under the Colonels – or, for that matter, RTF under De Gaulle – the net result of any such cut-back would, of course, be to relegate the BBC to the same status as Radio Liberty or Radio Free Europe: in other words to make it into an overt, anti-communist, propaganda agency. Nothing, in fact, could be better calculated to destroy 'at a stroke' the reputation for editorial integrity and political independence that the BBC has patiently (and sometimes, as at the time of Suez in 1956, painfully) managed to build up over the years.

The phrase 'at a stroke' is doubly appropriate since as I ploughed through the report (and it is hardly a masterpiece of British prose) it gradually dawned upon me that what, in fact, it has resurrected and then embalmed is the brisk, no-nonsense, business-like approach to Britain which was initially Mr Heath's stock-in-trade. There were always parts of the original Heath ethos with which socialists could agree: he was, to be fair to him, consistently critical of the old boy net, he never had any patience (much less than Harold Wilson) with delusions of imperial grandeur, he disliked waste and inefficiency in all its forms. But along with all the credit side went an essentially materialist, cost-effective view of society – in fact exactly the view that this report also endorses.

No doubt, now that Mr Heath himself has been safely sterilised by a Tory Party that has reverted to type, this report will certainly receive its fair share of criticism from the fuddy-duddy brigade; indeed, *The Times* on the day of its publication gave in its leader a fair indication of the kind of attack that can now confidently be expected from traditionalist quarters. But there is a separate case to be made out against the more philistine of the think tank's recommendations and this is certainly one that socialists should not be shy of arguing. The report, for example, sees the continuing presence of British consuls throughout the world as an indefensible anachronism and seems to view the entire cultural work of the British Council as an unwarranted extravagance.

The case of the British Council is not, I suspect, as clearcut as that of the BBC; yet it still seems to me a pity that Lord Beaverbrook, who waged an unscrupulous campaign against it across the years, should now have been given by a group of supposedly intelligent men and women the opportunity of winning a victory over it from beyond the grave. But then it is revealing enough that it should be in precisely those areas that involve human contact that the members of the think tank should appear at their most intolerant; both distressed British travellers and culture-hungry foreigners will, if they have their way, be required in future to 'stand on their own two feet'. Unless the Government wishes to hitch its wagon to the fallen Heath star it would be well if some of its supporters pointed out that to know the cost of everything and the value of nothing has never been considered the hallmark of a socialist.

Eamonn McCann

The Queen over the Water

I didn't actually see Her Majesty the Queen the last time she visited Northern Ireland, but I heard her: that is to say, she passed near enough to the Bogside for us to hear the cheering of the Protestants from the direction of the city centre. In what the *Irish Times* called 'a typical display of bad manners' no one from our area had gone down there, taking our cue instead from the *Derry Journal*'s columnist, 'Onlooker', who wrote: 'I'd be ashamed to be seen on the streets until the whole thing has blown over.'

It is doubtful if the Queen was even dimly aware of reactions in the North to her visit. When it was announced that Derry was to be included in her Coronation tour a Nationalist councillor appealed to the corporation to abandon 'this most unfortunate idea', adding darkly that he spoke 'in the interests of the lady herself'. A Proclamation issued over the names of the 16 Catholic members of the Stormont Parliament and Senate and Cahir Healey, the lone Nationalist voice at Westminster, was posted in every Catholic area in the North. RUC men worked overtime tearing them down. Originals of the Proclamation became treasured souvenirs: there is one in our family still:

> WHEREAS Queen Elizabeth of England has been crowned with the title 'Queen of Northern Ireland' and is about to make a post-coronation progress through the national territory of Ireland.
>
> NOW WE in the name of the People we represent and in the name of those Irish people in the area over which Britain claims and exerts sovereignty and who have been disenfranchised and cut off from the rest of Ireland.
>
> BY THESE PRESENTS hereby repudiate all claims now made or to be made in the future by or on behalf of the British crown and Government over any portion of the land of Ireland or her territorial seas.

On the Sunday before she was to arrive, 28 June, a 'Monster Meeting' was called in Meenan Park at which all shades of anti-partitionist opinion were represented. The doyen of the local old IRA, Paddy Shields, presided. The theme of every oration was that we should ignore the visit utterly. One speaker paid particular attention to women who, he feared, might be tempted to go down 'to see the style'. (Shouts of 'Never, never'.) The Nationalist MP, Eddie McAteer, who will be speaking along similar lines near the same spot next Wednesday, pronounced that 'the heart of the land is hostile'. Tommy Mellon, now a respected sports administrator, began meaningfully that he didn't need to tell us what organisation *he* represented (loud cheers: we knew well what he meant) and continued: 'She

'Four weeks in a Cricklewood sorting office and now I find we forgot to remove the lens cap!'

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casts a dark shadow before her and after her, and in that shadow is to be discerned the prison walls and the gallows tree and the memory of all who died on the battlefield for Ireland.' At the end we faced the flag, while the Pearse Brothers Memorial Pipe Band played 'The Soldiers' Song'.

Meenan Park, a rubble-strewn space deep in the Bogside, was a great place for meetings, in those days, for Easter Commemorations and eve-of-poll Nationalist rallies. It is the site of a neat housing estate now. In the intervening years redevelopment has razed the slums – and rebellion roused the spirit. But it was a bleak place to have to be in the Fifties, a huddled, hilly area of squat, crumbling houses that stank with damp and swarmed with children. Male unemployment was 35-40 per cent. Five-sixths of the houses were officially classified unfit. We had the highest birth-rate in Europe. The city walls beetled over us; the border at our backs.

We accepted it, in our own way, reckoning that the reason for it all was discrimination and that there would be no end to discrimination until we got rid of Britain's Six-County state and became one with our own people in the South. We didn't hate the Queen on account of it. Not *personally*. We were against the British monarchy for what had been done in its name in Ireland: and, more immediately, because those who coralled us impotently in our ghettoes did so in the interests of keeping Ulster British. They said so often enough. To bring her to Derry, where we, the majority, had been gerrymandered out of all influence, our Irishness dammed in, and to mount a civic reception which asserted acceptance of her sovereignty, was to trumpet yet again that what we thought didn't matter. We were not into open rebellion as yet. It didn't occur to us to erupt into Guildhall Square and drive her out, or even to threaten to. Instead we would show, with majestic unconcern, how deeply the Bogside could disdain her.

She came in by frigate and landed at Lisahally, six miles down the Foyle, then continued by car to the city centre. In the Guildhall she knighted the mayor, Sam Orr, then reviewed the British garrison in the square. After that she went to the municipal park and planted an oak tree. Seven hundred B-specials reinforced the RUC for the day. Not that there was need for them. We stayed faithfully in our own streets.

I am not sure for how many I speak when I confess, after 24 years, that my reason for stopping in Rossville Street was not entirely a matter of principle. I was, I suppose, a curious child (perhaps I was a fink) and was momentarily of half a mind to slip down, just to look, until, in the morning, my father wagged a stern finger: 'If I hear you've been down there, swelling that crowd . . .' I played handball all afternoon.

It wouldn't happen like that now. If the English Queen were to appear in Derry city centre next week, the youth of our area would be there in force. Nothing would stop them. Which is why her advisers have decided she shouldn't. In the interests of the lady herself . . .

Derry

John Mapplebeck

Silent Echo

Journalists remain reluctant strikers. The management of the North of England Newspaper Co. Ltd in Darlington, Co Durham, where on Wednesday morning the *Northern Echo* failed to appear for the first time in 107 years, might find that hard to believe. But even they would have to concede that if it had been left to the journalists alone, without the dramatic if somewhat reluctant intervention this week by the print unions, loyal *Echo* readers could have gone on for another 100 years reading still further definitive accounts of just who it was pushed the Dean of Durham in the Wear at the Big Meeting of 1926 in the mistaken belief that he was the Bishop responsible for the sermon attacking the striking miners – a perennial topic in the *Echo's* splendid correspondence columns. It is true that there has been some pushing and shoving in Darlington but until this week it had failed to stop a single delivery van. The pattern of picketing has been polite, almost apologetic, and has not had the slightest effect on the ten journalists, who between them have brought out the *Northern Echo* and its sister paper the *Evening Despatch*, still less on the greater numbers who have continued to produce the weekly *Darlington and Stockton Times* and *Durham Advertiser* series.

It is a pattern I recognise, having in 1959 vainly pleaded with my fellow employees of the Yorkshire Conservative Newspaper Co. Ltd not to cooperate with the management in producing a paper designed to break the printers' strike against the Newspaper Society. At Darlington, where 100 journalists have already been on strike for over two months in an effort to establish a closed shop, and as a result raise the notoriously low wage levels of the Westminster Press group, of which the North of England Newspaper Company is a profitable part, it might seem that the intervening 18 years have brought about a marked rise in the militancy of the average number of the National Union of Journalists. Yet it remains a cautious, respectable militancy, prompted not by the 'young Trots' of the NUJ's national executive, but by the appalling decline in the living standards of provincial journalists during the past two decades – for at least five members of the NUJ chapel the strike pay of £30 is more than they take home in wages.

Among the striking journalists there is still the obsessive concern for the fortunes of their newspapers. Mike Duggan, the young father of the NUJ chapel, who was formerly a feature writer on the *Catholic Herald*, talks of not creating an atmosphere of bitterness which when the dispute is over might mar relations with colleagues who have continued to work. It is true that the woman at the centre of the dispute, Mrs Josephine Kirk Smith, who used to contribute the Tots and Teens column to the *Lady*, but who refused to rejoin the NUJ when she went back to journalism as a sub-editor on the *Darlington and Stockton Times*, has reported being 'hissed at' by pickets but otherwise the civilised pleasantries of 'good morning' and 'good afternoon' prevail between strikers and non-strikers. At the heart of this extremely modest militancy lies a pride in the *Echo's* traditions of radical journalism and a determination that they should continue.

These traditions go back, of course, to W. T. Stead, the Victorian father of modern journalism who was one of the *Echo*'s first editors. But it is a more recent tradition that attracted many of the present strikers to the *Echo*. In 1960 Harold Evans came to Darlington from the *Manchester Evening News* and set about fashioning a new sort of bright, campaigning provincial newspaper. He transformed its layout, moving the advertisements off the front page, and in the process picked up a clutch of newspaper design awards. Inside he began a series of campaigns which made a real impact on the politics of a county where half a century of one-party rule had led to a hardening of the arteries. Most of the campaigns were within the safe Fabian margins of the readership's consensus – clean beaches, the stink of Teesside's petrochemical complex or the dangers of a three-lane Great North Road. It is significant, too, that when it came to dealing with the region's only growth industry, corruption, the *Echo* merely nibbled away at the edges, criticising such things as the comparatively innocuous habit of teachers canvassing for headships with the aid of a Labour Party card and a Co-op share book. The activities of Dan Smith and, more particularly, Andy Cunningham, who ruled Durham as ruthlessly as Mayor Daley ever ruled Chicago, escaped their attention. But then it also escaped the attention of everyone else in the region. And throughout these years Evans and his young team of journalists at least kept the loyalty of the *Echo's* readers, with the result that the paper now has the highest circulation of any provincial morning newspaper.

It is disturbing, therefore, to hear the executives of the *Echo* and the *Despatch* beginning to talk the language of Ron Hunt, who faced by a similar situation at Kettering brought out his paper, the *Evening Telegraph*, almost single-handed. They make the same populist claims for a newspaper written not by journalists but by the amateur readers. They back these claims by pointing to the only very slight drop in the *Echo's* circulation since the dispute began. Don Evans, who succeeded Harold Evans as the editor, talks of running the *Echo* with a much smaller staff, albeit with higher pay. But if that smaller staff is confined to recruits from the *Lady*, what then will happen to W. T. Stead's radical traditions? After all, radical traditions need radical journalists.

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Michael Dean

The Great Australian Emptiness

In August last year Kerry Packer, the man who these days buys cricketers, called an informal meeting at the Sydney headquarters of his television network. Apart from Packer and myself (and I was there only as an observer) everyone present was a famous athlete, an Australian who'd won a medal or two, as good Anzacs should, in the Olympic Wars.

Herb Elliott, the great miler, was there, looking much the same – as lean and single-minded as a whippet. So was Ron Clarke, the man who'd run faster over longer distances for a longer time than anyone else, and Dawn Fraser, the champion swimmer and wholehearted rebel. Farther down the table sat a shy middle-aged housewife who looked as though she'd have trouble breaking into a walk, but who, as Marjorie Jackson, had won three gold medals for sprinting 24 years ago. And next to her sat a pretty 19-year-old, now something of a recluse, a girl called Shane Gould who'd won five medals for her country at the Munich Games.

Packer had called this meeting at a time of national crisis. The 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal had just ended and not one Australian, not *one*, had stood on the victory dais. Now, in Sydney, as in towns all over Australia, there was an air of sullen bereavement in the streets. Australians aren't very good at losing – possibly because, unlike the British, they've had very little practice at it. Nor are they very good at critical self-analysis, believing it to be something which, if practised too often, might lead to impotence. But the humiliation of their athletes at Montreal had driven Australians beyond recrimination, which they *are* good at, into unfamiliar areas of introspection and self-doubt, and they were finding it all very painful.

So now Kerry Packer had called the champions of other, more distinguished years to his round table to deliver a judgment on their successors, the athletes who'd just failed in Montreal, and to promote ideas that might lead to a revival of Australian hopes.

When the meeting broke for lunch Elliott and Clarke, still marvellously fit men, slipped into track suits and loped off on a six-mile run. Packer was waiting for them in the car park when they got back. As they jogged to a stop alongside him Packer suddenly dropped into a crouch, grasped an adjacent mini-moke by the front bumper and made a huge effort to lift its front wheels off the ground. The two runners watched this self-imposed trial in silence and then, when the big man eventually gave up trying to be a human jack, they nodded their respect. They understood the gesture. It was a bid for membership of their exclusive winners' circle.

Even in a country as materialistic as Australia you have to be more than a tycoon to be a winner. You have to be seen to be better than other men in a way that admits no argument. This is why sport has such central importance in Australian culture – it provides a topography of excellence, a range of discernible peaks beyond all those egalitarian flatlands. Only in sport do the fastest and strongest always come first. Dennis Lillee's speed can be measured in wickets taken and bruises given, Evonne Cawley's skill is authenticated by the Forest Hills scoreboard; and their supporters rejoice in the knowledge that a natural hierarchy is being asserted.

It is the only kind of assertion that Australians trust. Despite their reputation for brashness they are not an opinionated people. Their opinions tend to come in throwaway capsules, wrapped for safety in the dismissive vernacular, so that politicians of all parties are rendered as 'ratbags', the unemployed as 'dole-bludgers', and all feminists are 'lezzies' (lesbians). They know by instinct, rather than by formed belief, that employers are all shithouses, workers (including, paradoxically, themselves) all no-hopers, and that Poms are whingers and intellectuals poufters. Mention a sportsman, however, and the tuneless mutter that passes for Australian speech stirs itself into a local approximation of lyrical flight. The judgments flow with an assurance that is based on relief. The only pure hierarchy has been invoked.

Australians are chronically nervous about holding opinions on anything that requires a value judgment. They see that mysterious terrain which is vaguely signposted 'The Arts' and 'Ethics' as a treacherous marsh whose secret paths are known only to the effete Pom and the devious European. They have made themselves ridiculous in the past by guessing wrong (as in the notorious William Dobell case of 30 years ago when the great portrait painter was literally put on trial for allegedly painting a caricature) and now they are twice shy. These days they play it safe by withholding judgment, or at least approval, until their elders and betters overseas have pronounced a verdict for them.

So now Joan Sutherland can return in triumph and grace Sydney's Opera House, and Peter Finch can be honoured as though he were a fallen Anzac, and pop-singer Helen Reddy can be allowed qualified star status (qualified because she had the bad taste to say that Australia had ignored her talent), and Sydney Nolan can be forgiven his exile because he had transmuted the Outback that most Australians have never seen into a marketable folk-myth. These are the members of Australia's impure hierarchy, impure because it is a ranking system based on imported opinion and is therefore vulnerable to the whim of European or American fashion setters.

There is, of course, the sticky case of Patrick White. Years ago, when he was just another novelist, he was dismissed by Australia's most respected critic as someone who wrote 'verbal sludge', and this had become a more or less official view. Mind you, something White had written when he returned from a long European exile may have had a bearing:

> In all directions stretched the great Australian emptiness, in which the mind is the least of possessions, in which the rich man is the important man, in which the schoolmaster and the journalist rule what intellectual roost there is, in which beautiful youths and girls stare at life through blind blue eyes.

But then those boring foreigners, boring but clever (boring because clever), suddenly presented White with the Nobel Prize and room had to be made for him, however reluctantly, in the impure hierarchy. And now this extraordinary misfit, this elderly Australian bachelor who writes like the bastard offspring of Dostoievsky and Virginia Woolf, is at last a figure of consequence in his own country. He may still be resented, but at least he is beginning to be read (*The Tree of Man* is on the school syllabus).

The absence of a proper critical tradition and a social tendency to identify excellence as subversion has produced a culture that confuses style with quality and display with achievement. If you are not a successful sportsman, if you have not made a reputation abroad, then your only chance of celebrity is to become a 'personality', one of the motley band who glitter briefly on television, whose pictures are seen in the Arts pages, who cause scenes at parties. Having something arresting to say is not enough – indeed, it is probably too much – you must have, above all, a talent for tough-skinned exhibitionism.

It was from this climate of aggressive philistinism that Clive James, Richard Neville, Germaine Greer and Robert Hughes, among others, fled to England: and this background should be remembered when they are accused, as all four have been, of vulgar posturing, when, by Sydney and Melbourne standards, they have been models of restraint. Where they come from, outside the cloisters of academe, sharpshooting is the only intellectual game in town.

When Germaine Greer made a brief return to Australia in 1972, propelled by the success of *The Female Eunuch*, she stunned a press conference of leering chauvinists by remarking that a Sydney TV personality was 'the best fuck' she'd ever had. Joke or not, it guaranteed her serious attention from the Australian press in a way that eloquent logic could never have done. Australians get twitchy when they hear eloquence and are darkly suspicious of logic, but they like iconoclasm and they admire

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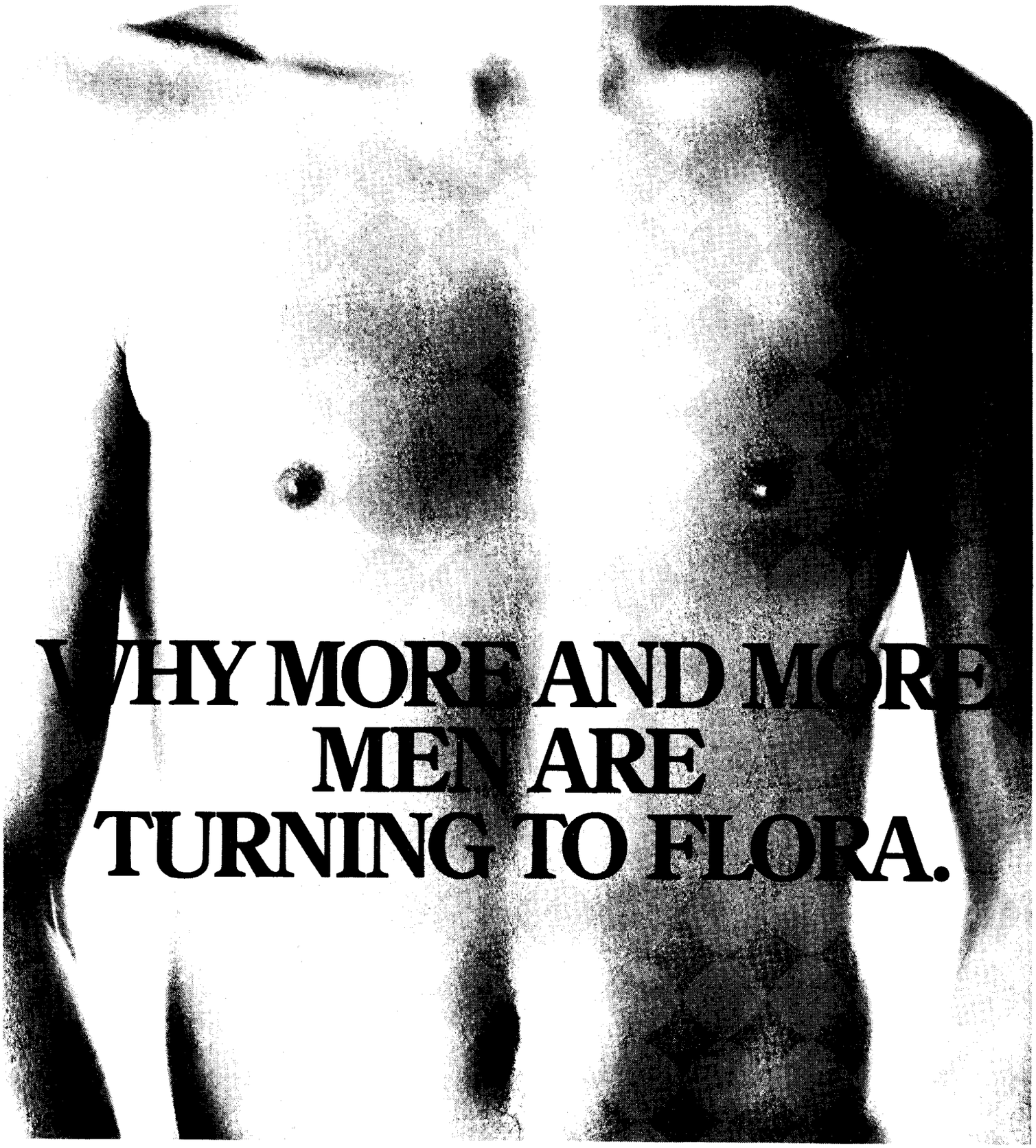

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nerve. Germaine had not forgotten that the Australian girl who can outdrink, outswear and outdare the boys is entitled to the greatest accolade the culture can bestow. She is made an honorary male.

The Australian male himself is a throwback. As the fine Australian poet, A. D. Hope, put it, he is one of those

> whose boast is not 'we live' but 'we survive,'
> a type who will inhabit the dying earth.

His egalitarianism is genuine enough (managing director and liftman not only share the same accent, they probably play in the same bowling team), but it does not extend to women. Mateship, the Australian expression of fraternalism, was honourably born in the goldfields of the last century as a final defence against an indifferent church and a corrupt authority, but it lingers on absurdly today in clubs and institutions where the atmosphere is heavy with *machismo*. There are unwritten laws against public displays of tenderness and compassion. Women are not to be mixed with, except for sex. Maybe this is why Sydney is reputed to have more homosexuals per square mile than any city on earth.

The resurgence of a coarse Australian archetype has been a curious phenomenon of the Seventies. He is the bronzed innocent with the beer-gut and the storm-trooper ethic, whose laconic swagger conceals a deep interior dread. His heroes are Don Bradman, because he was a ruthless winner, and Ned Kelly, because he was violently brave in defeat. Anzac virtues. It was thought that he would be gentled, even civilised, by the influence of European immigrants who have streamed into the country since the war, two million of them in the last twenty years. But the native Australian type, generically known as 'Ocker', has proved too dominant a strain.

It was the newcomers, the Greeks and Italians, the Yugoslavs and Dutch, who were contaminated. They were caught in the strong gravitational pull of an egalitarian culture and dragged towards what can properly be called the dead centre. Today they speak in a careful parody of 'Strine', their Holden station wagons are primed with eskies (insulated baskets for carrying iced beer), and their beautiful sun-kissed children sneer at 'Wogs' – i.e. anyone who looks and sounds foreign. Their one ameliorating contribution to the culture has been to raise the number and quality of restaurants and to educate Australians in their own wines.

The Ocker, of course, has always been there but its only in recent years that he's become fashionable. Alexander Buzo, the best of Australia's crop of young playwrights, had a scandalous success in 1967 with *Norm And Ahmed*, in which an RSL Club Ocker beats up a Pakistani student for talking clever. But Buzo never dreamed that his neanderthal oaf would in a few years be scrubbed down, spruced up and turned into an omnipresent salesman for the consumer society.

'In the Sixties,' he told me, 'We thought we were burying a dinosaur. Now they've dug him up, sucked all the blood out of him, given him a dry-clean and set him loose in the market place.'

But while advertising agencies and TV producers make cynical use of this primitive stereotype there is a touching faith among all kinds of Australians that, for all his present crudity, the Ocker is nonetheless the rough model from which an ideal national type will ultimately evolve. One day their prince will come; and he will not be a squatter on a thoroughbred or a slob in a Holden utility, but a wonderful amalgam of muscle and intellect and sheer bloody nerve – Parsifal, with a flagon of white under one arm and the collected works of Henry Lawson under the other.

Oddly enough, his apotheosis may be near at hand. There *is* an Australian who at least promises to approach the ideal. He is Bob Hawke, Trade Unions boss and chairman of the Australian Labour Party, obvious successor to the fading Gough Whitlam and the man the media already defer to as the alternative prime minister. An immensely clever politician with a remarkable popular following, Hawke is an Ocker daydream come true. Nuggety and handsome, he looks like a middleweight boxer who's been skilful enough to keep his nose straight. The nasal drawl and the scatological wit are quintessentially Australian. A legendary drinker, who still holds the fastest-pint record at Oxford University, he has had the inspired effrontery to discuss his weakness for liquor in public and promise to give it up when he becomes Prime Minister.

He is seen on television almost as much as a newscaster, not because he is the most important man in industry, which he is, but because he has 24-carat star quality. The pretty-boy interviewers they stack up against him are swept aside with an almost lazy forensic skill. He breaks the rules, switching in a moment from an elegantly proportioned socratic argument to a pungently demotic put-down ('Oh, go and have a funny one, Sonny!' he told one interviewer who was attempting a faltering comeback).

Malcolm Fraser, the Prime Minister, won't appear on TV with Hawke, which is wise of him. The Australian press, which

ranges from the Far Right to the Conservative Centre, treats him with a respect seldom accorded a Labour politician, no doubt because he has an unmatched gift for solving industrial disputes. Even Rupert Murdoch, now perched in his remote New York eyrie, who swung vehemently against Labour in 1975 (because, it is said, Gough Whitlam had insulted him in front of friends), has allowed his papers to float the idea that Hawke is prime minister material. And there is no doubt of his popular support. A poll in the right-wing *Bulletin* earlier this year showed that 70 per cent of Australians approved of Hawke – an unprecedented vote of confidence in a union leader.

Indeed, if he is not one already Bob Hawke is promising to become an entirely new kind of Australian hero. He does not belong, like Rod Laver and Jack Brabham, to the pure Australian hierarchy where excellence is registered in the record-books, and he is not a member of the excellent but impure order of famous expatriates, as are Olivia Newton John and Robert Helpmann. He is something different – an intellectual with a saloon-bar style, an Ocker who is at ease with Royalty, a centrist who has cowed the militant left, a machiavellian dealer who is also a straight shooter, a sex-symbol who inspires respect rather than envy in men and tenderness rather than resentment in women. He could become the first home-grown Australian superstar.

So when Bob Hawke becomes Prime Minister (as many good judges believe) in, say, 1984, what kind of society will he inherit? Well, the answer to that will depend entirely on how Australia's celebrated luck holds out. It was the journalist/historian Donald Horne who coined the phrase 'The Lucky Country' and then found to his subsequent irritation that Australians who hadn't read his book had mistaken the appellation for a compliment. What he had meant was quite unequivocal:

> Australia is a lucky country run mainly by second-rate people who share its luck. According to the rules Australia has not deserved its luck.

The luck he was talking about is epitomised by the story of the down-and-out who one night in Kalgoorlie stubbed his toe on a gold nugget the size of a football, and by Charlie Rasp, the boundary rider, whose horse stumbled over the fabulous silver, lead and zinc lode called Broken Hill. It was the luck that brought the perfect timing of the great minerals boom in the Sixties just when the umbrella of 70 years of protectionism was being lowered; the luck that has enabled Australians to work less and live better than almost any other people on earth. Today there are signs that the luck, so richly undeserved, is beginning to run out.

The boom period of a decade ago when shares in a tiny mining company called Poseidon rose from less than one dollar to $280 in just six weeks is only a folk memory now. Leaner times are at hand. Unemployment at 5.4 per cent is edging towards the British figure and dole money, as well as being lower than here, has an accompanying stigma that can break the spirit. It is a seldom published fact that Australian productivity is lower than Britain's and that

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its strike record, at least for the past two years, is worse. Its manufacturing industries, which employ 25 per cent of the work force, are starting to feel the pinch of Japanese competition. The oil in Bass Strait will begin to taper off from 1979. True, there is an enormous reservoir of uranium but the opponents of uranium mining – who are not all calf-eyed ecologists – make up a powerful lobby.

More seriously, there is no convincing evidence that Australian society has the moral strength to handle bad times. Its education system is a disgrace (with a standard of living comparable to the United States, Australia spends less than half the amount of money per child on education) and its botched attempt at a National Health scheme has been assiduously exploited by racketeering doctors ('Here,' an English doctor told me, 'I'm not admired for healing, but for making money.') Its gun-toting police are daily accused of corruption and brutality – in April a commission of inquiry into prisons was told by a high-ranking officer that prisoners were beaten 'as a matter of course'.

There is a kind of casual racialism at every level of society that is all the more frightening because it is aimless. Its old target, the Aborigine, is either dying invisibly in a Sydney slum or half-existing in a Northern Territory reservation. I recall a Melbourne businessman, puzzled by the response of white Americans to *Roots*, saying . . . 'Why didn't they just knock the buggers off like we did?' which was a reference to that perfect piece of genocide in Tasmania when late last century white hunting parties murdered to the last child a unique race of islanders. Even as late as 1921 the Rev. James Watson wrote an appalled account of Aboriginal women and children being shot down wholesale 'for amusement' at a stockyard in northern Queensland.

Queensland, mind you, is something else. These days, and quite predictably, it's become something of a refuge for rich Texans who admire its tax structure (death duties have been abolished) as well as its moral climate. Even Australians are shaken by what happens in Queensland. The State Premier, Joh Bjelke Peterson, a sort of antipodean Hughey Long, has gerrymandered himself into what looks like being a job for life. He cleverly exploits local paranoia so that every attack on him is interpreted as an attack on Queenslanders. When he talks about secession, which he does a lot nowadays, nobody laughs.

Bjelke Peterson is a confessed puritan, what Whitlam in a famous outburst once called 'a Bible-banging bastard'. It could be argued, though, that the trouble with Australian puritanism is that it has never had enough Bible. It has been more concerned with social inhibitions than with theology. Apart from isolated minorities, like the Lutherans who fled religious persecution in Germany and settled in South Australia, there has been nothing in the culture to compare with the narrow but profound religious drive of the American Pilgrim Fathers, or even the modest Calvinism of the first New Zealand farmers.

Perhaps this is why Australian puritans, or Wowsers as they used to call them, are now in almost total disarray. Students of sex, who only five years ago had to fly to New Zealand to see X-rated movies, now enjoy a more permissive circuit in Sydney and Melbourne than London can offer. Brothels, transparently disguised as massage parlours, have moved into the suburbs. Booths showing hard-porn coin-in-the-slot films nestle demurely between Woolworth's and the coffee shop. A television soap opera, which makes *Crossroads* look like *Citizen Kane*, soared to the top of the ratings by baring actresses' breasts twice a week during peak family viewing time.

The backlash, led by the Rev. Fred Nile, a sort of minor-key Mary Whitehouse, has no chance whatever. The media treat him with jokey derision and public opinion polls indicate that the new morality has been widely accepted. But the collapse of sexual constraints has not been accompanied, as liberals believed it would be, by a growth in social compassion – if anything, the reverse. In moral terms, the defeat of the Australian puritan has been meaningless. The hollow puritan has merely been replaced by the empty pagan.

What Patrick White called 'the great Australian emptiness' is a barrenness of thought, a sterility of ideas that matches the parched desolation of the continent's interior. It is a society that produces – as a country of its evenly spread wealth must do – individuals of great brilliance; scientists like MacFarlane Burnett, the great virologist, and Ted Ringwood, the lunar geologist; musicians like Roger Woodward and Charles MacKerras; journalists like Murray Sayle and Bruce Page; poets like Peter Porter. But they all have to leave their country to win social recognition and, more significantly, to find true stimulus.

There is something in their own culture that discourages originality – and it has nothing to do with size or age. New Zealand, a smaller, poorer country, even more geographically remote, invented the welfare state, gave women the vote 25 years before Britain, and preserved a unique Polynesian heritage. Australia has come up with a flamboyant corruption of gaelic football called Australian Rules, and the Flying Doctor service.

There is something obsessively second-hand about the place. The public buildings are dull echoes of Victorian England, the commercial skyscrapers are imitation Manhattan. The three commercial TV networks meet their local content quota by mass-producing copies of the sleaziest American quiz shows; the ABC network is a timid, unwatched parody of the BBC. The country's one national daily, Murdoch's the *Australian*, is a typographical replica of the *Guardian* (its drama critic once published a review that was a mysteriously accurate echo of one of Michael Billington's).

It turns out that a building as original as the Sydney Opera House, a stunning piece of harbour-side sculpture, was designed by a Dane (although to be fair, the Arts Centre at Adelaide is a marvellous compound of beauty and functionalism that shames Denys Lasdun's dreadful South Bank bunker). Such is the local dependence on foreign arbiters of taste that the elegant old terraced cottages of Paddington, now Sydney's Chelsea, were disregarded until a visiting English architect, Reyner Banham, pronounced them beautiful.

If I have talked too much about the Australian city that is because 82 per cent of Australians live there. Australians have seen the great Outback only from the window of train or car. It is a primeval place of terrible emptiness. The early explorers who ventured inland believed passionately that somehow the great interior would reward their vision, but it offered them nothing, not even other men's ruins. Just emptiness. No wonder Australians cling in a comforting mass to their thin green coastline.

Once the prophets came out of the desert, bringing the Word, and with it the promise of something new, something better. In Australia the prophets have been a long time coming.

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James Fenton

The Death of Makarios

A fortnight ago I watched his last great public performance, when he addressed the crowds in Eleftheria Square, Nicosia, on the anniversary of the Turkish invasion. I remember his face most vividly, as it appeared and disappeared behind the waving banners: it was difficult at times to tell whether the hooded eyes were open or shut, whether the expression indicated anger or sorrow, or whether it might not in fact be smiling at the chanting demonstrators among whom I was standing. Sometimes it did definitely smile, and then the lips parted, and the tongue very slightly protruded. If the eyes of Makarios were enigmatic, the mouth was distinctly sinister in a smile, but the effect of the smile on the crowd was immediate and immense.

Makarios was heckled throughout his speech, and at times he affected anger at the hecklers, telling them that it was his democratic right to be heard, that there were plenty of people in the audience who had come to listen to what he had to say. But it was obvious, too, that he was enjoying the slogans. He listened to them. He answered them back. He incorporated them into what he was saying. So the critics of Makarios were turned into his loving and devoted subjects, and their political ardour was transformed into affectionate amusement. In the front of the crowd were the Communists, who shouted at one point that the Turks were 'our brothers'. Makarios smiled. 'I don't know about our brothers,' he said, 'but they are not our enemies.'

Mr Suleiman, the Turkish information officer, was watching the meeting on television, a mile or so away in the Turkish Federated State. That remark about the Turks not being our brothers, he said later, you noticed that? Yes, we did indeed notice. To the Greek journalists in the audience it was a mistake, his biggest mistake. They were shocked at the cheapness of it, at the way Makarios played up to the worst instincts of his audience. To the Greek Cypriot Socialists among whom I was standing it was also a mistake. But to Mr Suleiman, who thought that the hecklers must have been planted and that the slogans had been inspired by the Government beforehand, the remark was the one authentic moment in the speech. He was disgusted at the way Makarios wooed the crowd. He said he was behaving like a clown.

The appearance of Makarios, the robes, the head-dress, the beard, the smile, assured his worldwide fame; he might hardly have needed a voice, to add to his accomplishments. Yet the voice alone would have made him a hero. I have compared it with the voices of the priests chanting into the churches of Nicosia on Sunday morning. The priests of Nicosia have fine voices. The liturgy encourages the vocal production of fine phrases. But the voice of Makarios, as it rose and fell, as the abstract words soared through the octaves, was something else again. It was distinctive enough in English, calling over a clandestine radio from somewhere near Paphos for the overthrow of the Sampson regime: 'I *appeeel* to the United Nations, I *appeeel* to Britain . . .' In Greek it was music of the most heady kind. The Greek language exerts a power of its own in politics. 'We are a country ruled,' I was told, 'by priests and philologists.' The voice of Makarios was the expression of both estates. In the more relaxed atmosphere of a press conference he did not use its full force, until, when pressed by a hostile questioner, he suddenly seemed to turn it on, and then one almost expected to see it rise to the painted ceiling of the palace.

Nobody expected Makarios to die so soon. He had had a heart attack, they knew, and they knew that he could not go on for ever. But a doctor who had recently examined him told me that he was back in good shape again. The impression he gave after that heart attack was, to his Cypriot audiences, one of stiffened resolve. He had become harder, they said, less evasive, more outspoken. Perhaps this was what they saw in desperation, for it was certainly what they had wanted from the time of his last return to Cyprus after the Turkish invasion. He had been met in London by a member of the Socialist Party, whom he asked whether Cyprus wanted him back. 'Cyprus does want Makarios back,' said the man, 'but it wants a new Makarios.' 'A new Makarios?' said Makarios; 'What does that mean?' And he kept repeating the phrase, as if struck by its oddity. What could a new Makarios be?

And the answer was: precisely that more decisive figure who seemed to be emerging during the last weeks of Makarios's life. He must come clean. He must condemn Eoka-B, and root them out. He must end the hedging and evasiveness. But that was not what happened at first. He came back and announced that there would be no recriminations; for some time even Nicos Sampson remained free; the architects of the coup are for the most part still at liberty. Eoka-B still has its arms and its strongholds, for instance in the Red Villages, where they live, a law unto themselves, defying the power of the state. In these areas, if they do not wish to pay taxes, there is no way of stopping them. If they wish to sink a well, they sink one. The police do not trouble them, knowing that to do so would be to incur the wrath of the whole, rich little community. (The Red Villages are so called after their brightly-coloured fertile soil, which yields two crops of potatoes a year. A child there told me that his uncle had made £20,000 on his last crop – and blown the lot in a week. The people of the Red Villages are Cyprus's answer to Sir Bernard and Lady Docker.)

Many people thought that Makarios's failure to clean up Eoka-B was part of a secret deal by which he was allowed to return to the island. But the character of the man would, to others, be a sufficient explanation. It was a character which knew how to maintain a state of flux, but, when the time came for a big decision, was shown at its weakest. It was impossible for Makarios to condemn the Greek junta until it was too late and the coup was ready. The present state of Cyprus, a divided island, owes much of its character to the character of its late leader.

And what is Cyprus like now? It is becoming daily less appropriate to refer to 'Cyprus' at all, for the two halves are transforming rapidly, and diverging as surely as if they were taking part in a speeded-up continental drift. A line of oilcans and barbed wire, of military posts and abandoned shops, marks the boundary in the old citadel of Nicosia. There is an hour's difference in one short, divided street (although in Turkish Nicosia I met a man who wore two watches: he had Greek time on his left hand, Turkish on the right). One side is old men sitting cross-legged in mosques. The other is young women kissing icons in churches. The Greek side is small commerce in new buildings. The Turkish side is small commerce in old buildings. You can see that you are in the same town, when you cross the border, but I guess that it will be more difficult to tell as time goes by. There are still, for instance, Turkish signs on the Greek side, but on the Turkish side I never saw any Greek writing at all. No Greek slogans on crumbling walls. No shop signs. Nothing in Greek.

In contrast to the ceremonial figure of Makarios, in the painted chamber hung with the portraits of his predecessors, the figure of Mr Denktash was prosaic to a degree. His office was in a prefabricated hut. The air-conditioning was on, but the windows were open. A scruffy little mongrel lay at his feet, apparently dead. The portrait of Ataturk fixed its gaze on the back of Mr Denktash's neck. As he spoke in his English lawyer's English ('This projection from the Greek side of a country occupied by a foreign force is illegitimate and untrue'), I tried to make some sense out of the titles displayed on his book-shelves. The *Islam Encyclopaedia*, the *Holy Cur-An*, and all the legal tomes I might have expected. But what about Churchill's *History of the Second World War*, *An Invitation to South Africa* by Gerald Sparrow, *Land Reform in Taiwan*, *Mostly Murder*, *Europe in the Seventeenth Century*, *Secrets of a Solicitor*, *The Wonderful Story of You*, *Discovering Turkey* . . .

Mr Denktash has certainly discovered Turkey, all right. There is Turkish money in the shops. There are Turkish soldiers in the streets. In the harbour at Cyrenia, Turkish tourists walk up and down, admiring what used to be the jewel of Greek Cypriot resorts. It is said that 20,000 Turks from Anatolia were brought in – the Greeks say to colonise, Mr Denktash says as guest labourers. One sees the Anatolians in the old quarter of Famagusta. The set of their faces is oriental, almost Chinese. But between Famagusta and Nicosia one sees practically nobody. The fields are mostly empty. Many of the factories are no longer working. You can go for miles without

Paul Johnson's article Seven Heretics in Search of a Stake *has unavoidably been held over and will now appear next week.*

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passing a car. And then, at a deserted junction, a solitary policeman is sitting under a booth, which reminds us that we are to stick to the main road, and not wander off to explore what used to be Greek villages.

The Turks have taken over an enormous piece of real estate, some of the best real estate in the Mediterranean. We drove to the edge of Famagusta new town, as far as we were allowed. Beyond the barriers a modern street continued, but the street was entirely empty. Since the war, this vast piece of developed property, so highly developed that the sky-scrapers cast a permanent shadow on the beach, has been looted, then sealed off and left to a colony of cats. Now it is to be re-opened. One wonders what they will have to dig through in order to clean it up.

If you tell a Greek Cypriot that you have been to Cyrenia or Famagusta, the effect is electrifying. You see in an instant the depth of their feelings for the territory they have lost. And this is not something one easily comes across in normal conversation. For many of those whom you would expect to be most angry and impatient at what has happened have developed a resigned and quiet manner, which it is difficult even for Cypriots to penetrate. You may work for months in the same office, chatting together at length, becoming friends, before you ever hear why it is your colleague has a limp, how many of his family were killed in the war, how much property he lost.

You might think that there should be more obvious anger, but, as one socialist put it to me, an enormous effort has been made to soothe the Greek Cypriots and get them used to their new condition. The Americans have poured in aid – more aid per head of population than anywhere else in the world. Every sector of the economy is enjoying a short-term boom, and it may well be that the service sector will expand to such an extent that Cyprus takes over the past function of Beirut as the counting-house of the Middle East. This is soothing news for some, and might even have bought acceptance of the Turkish *fait accompli*.

But behind all the soothing talk there lurks a fear, which is the key to all other considerations, that the Turkish invasion of Cyprus is only half complete. No Greek Cypriot denies that this worries him. The apparent solidity and success of the economy could all be wiped out, in a few days, by the same tanks which established the Attila line and which now sit in the empty fields outside Nicosia. As one man said: 'You know, I come home to my house in the evening, but I do not feel safe. Everything could go. We could lose everything. If you understand this, you understand what it is like to live in Cyprus.' There is a postcard on sale in the Turkish sector which shows the main military campaigns which established the Attila line. One of the arrows, however, is out of place: it plunges through the line and down to Larnaca. If the Greek Cypriots needed convincing of Turkey's ultimate aims, this postcard would do the trick. It is this worry, this uncertainty, this fear of total loss, which can only have been increased by the death of Makarios, and which puts everything in hazard, just when the divided country is at its most vulnerable.

Patrick Wintour

Red Bass

Soon after the drama of last year's murders in Southall, prominent ecclesiastics paraded their Christian credentials by writing letters to *The Times* deploring the spread of racism. While the Labour Party – uneasily aware, for its part, that it was in power only by grace of the idiosyncratic directives of Powell – launched its own anti-racist drive. The campaign possibly did a little good, judging by the local elections. But since May a persistent high level of unemployment has become a more explicit part of government policy. The 'great simplicities' of the Front – two million unemployed, two million blacks – are guaranteed a durable attraction, especially among the growing ranks of the young jobless. Indeed, Labour MPs came back from the recent Midlands by-elections chilled by the number of teenage racists.

With many of these kids their political cynicism is so great, and their prospects so abysmal, that there are very few levers of anti-racist influence left, but one still available is the longest established link between the white British working class and blacks – rock music. Rock is as multinational as Fords and an organisation called 'Rock Against Racism' is exploiting that cultural bond as best it can. RAR was conceived by accident. Last August, Eric Clapton, the guitar-hero of a thousand bedsitters, ambled on stage in Birmingham and drunkenly admonished his audience, 'Stop Britain becoming a black colony . . . get the foreigners out. Vote for Enoch Powell.' Some people wrote a letter to the music press written in the best pop fan's 'Come off it Eric' style, pointing out that Clapton was the biggest colonist of them all since half his songs were culled from Rastafarians or black blues and gospel singers. Clapton sobered up sufficiently to send a letter of explanation to *Sounds*. He apologised, but a foreigner had pinched his lady's bum that evening. He still thought 'Powell is the only politician mad enough to run this country.' Around the same time, David Bowie, presumably working on the principle that it takes one to know one, described Hitler as 'the first superstar, he really knew how to do it'. The new clergy, as the rock elite sometimes describes itself, could be a lot more damaging than the old one.

The Kartoon Klowns, an agitprop theatre group, who had sent the original letter criticising Clapton were so overwhelmed by the messages of support they received that they set up an *ad hoc* committee to 'combat racialism in popular culture'. All the paraphernalia of a rock promotion were assembled and in September 400 people turned up to RAR's first concert in a pub in Forest Gate, the scene of racist attacks earlier in the year. Other events are independently organised around the country on a similar scale; there are no speeches, just a multiracial audience enjoying each other's music. The organisation, despite little funding, is now big enough to fill the Roundhouse.

RAR is treading a thin line. Many are socialists (some of the little money made has been sent to the Right to Work Campaign): the temptation is to push beyond the popular front of anti-racism and to try and draw out more of the politics in the control and mass appeal of rock. Some other musicians, unhappy about the isolation of their politics from their music, have set up 'Music for Socialism' to relate the two. Undeniably there is now an indigenous blunt political instinct in rock which was absent a year ago; its growth is conveniently lost in Fleet Street's self-fulfilling obsession with King's Road violence. At the same time organised discussions about the politics of punk can slide easily either into patronising theorising or toe-curling embarrassment. Instead of tending a natural growth, RAR's fertiliser, if pressed too much, could just as easily smother it. Finding an equilibrium between the music and the socialism is immensely difficult.

The last sustained youth explosion had within two years decayed into nothing but a consumer's revolution in 10 per cent discount records. The record companies are confident that they have already won control of Punk, something which they regard as a 'perfectly harmless fashion'. But it may prove more difficult to tame. Some of the bands, notably the Clash, have close sympathies with Rock Against Racism's outlook and are practically neurotic about losing their self-awareness as totally as Clapton's outburst proved rockstars can. It may not be the language David Lane would have chosen, but the Clash introduced one of their songs, 'Police and Thieves', on the largest punk tour so far with the words '114,00 people voted National Front in London last week'. A mixture of cheers and boos followed. 'The next song was written by a wog and if you don't like that you can f . . . off.' For effect value that's worth quite a few letters to *The Times*.

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London Diary

☐ One of the compensations of appearing on television is that you can be in two places at once. For the last three weeks I have been in the Isle of Wight. On Monday nights I have also been trying to explain to viewers how wars begin. As the BBC holds that history lectures are loss-leaders, I appear almost at midnight – much too late for me to be able to watch myself. However I seem to have done all right. One viewer was awake enough to remark that I had spoken of Victor Emanuel III when I meant Victor Emanuel II. My more serious mistakes have passed over without notice. Of course it is a gamble to talk without notes or a teleprompter – which I am told all other television lecturers use. But I have no alternative. I have been lecturing without notes for more than 40 years and on television for precisely 20 years, though I am still hailed as a six-night wonder. Fame is a treadmill. Slip off it for a few years and you are back at the start. I do not keep going for that reason. I lecture simply for the pleasure of doing so and to instruct myself. I usually learn something though not until I read my talk in the *Listener*. While I am actually talking I am in a rhapsodic trance much like the Delphic oracle. I sometimes see myself in a run-through afterwards and am always surprised at what I said. I quite like the television figure though it has nothing to do with me. I look forward to the next time, I suppose well after midnight and some ten years ahead.

☐ I see that some outlying parts of Great Britain are to enjoy the delights of devolution. Why has the Isle of Wight been left out? The native Vectians have a distinct nationality: they are Jutes, not Anglo-Saxons, and regard the 'overners' as foreigners. This puts them on a level with the Welsh and ahead of the Scotch, most of whom are as much Anglo-Saxon as we are. The Island already has its own Governor, usually from the royal family, which is more than the autonomous Isle of Man can boast. The Isle of Wight has its own special problems. For instance, where are the magnificent photographs of bearded Victorians that Julia Margaret Cameron gave to Yarmouth pier and that disappeared when the waiting room where they were displayed was turned into a ladies' lavatory? Then there is the grievance of parliamentary representation. The Isle of Wight now returns only one MP when it used to return six, often men of high distinction such as Palmerston and Canning. Maybe we should get foreign secretaries of their calibre if Yarmouth, Newtown and Newport recovered their historic rights. The three ferries would make passport inspection easy. I favour visas as well, the fees from which would be a useful relief to ratepayers. Day visitors to the Island now find little to do and would, I am sure, enjoy the glamour of immigration control. Alternatively they would stay away, which would be even better. Not that the visitors do much harm. The Inland Downs are more deserted than any other walkable part of England and, whereas the summit of Hellvellyn has been worn away by hikers, the grass of Tennyson Down, where there are quite as many walkers, has entirely recovered from last year's drought.

☐ The affairs of the great world seem very strange when viewed from the Isle of Wight through the wrong end of a telescope. The proceedings in the House of Commons before its Members dispersed struck me much as Beerbohm Tree's Hamlet struck Oscar Wilde: funny without being vulgar. Constitutional pundits have drawn a parallel with the Marconi affair but there is a difference. In both cases the House finished by dividing on party lines. The Conservatives criticised Lloyd George and Rufus Isaacs; the Liberals ralled to their defence and they got off. This was not surprising: the Liberals and their allies were in a majority. In the recent case it was the other way round: Labour took the sterner view, the Conservatives were more charitable. The Conservatives won. Yet they are a minority of the House. I wonder what can have happened to the missing Labour men? However I think the result was all to the good. Members of Parliament are best left to the judgment of their constituents unless they have committed a criminal offence. Persecution makes martyrs. Look at John Wilkes: expelled from the House of Commons more than once and thus transformed into a popular hero whose story now graces every textbook of constitutional history. In much the same way, Charles Bradlaugh, thanks to his treatment by the House of Commons, made atheism respectable. Bugging was a more welcome hare. It is not very promising so far but there is a chance of another Watergate, an affair mysterious to me. I'd be delighted if someone listened to my conversations, though only in return for a fee. Altogether it is a good thing MPs are off on holiday. In the old days they used to linger on until the stench from the Thames drove them away in the middle of August. Now they are so efficient that they have finished their work before July is out.

☐ I am often puzzled by the news and never more so than when I read that the three great nuclear powers are proposing to ban all test explosions, above ground as well as under it. This was one of the more modest proposals we made during the great days of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. We were told that such a ban was an idealistic folly. It would be impossible to enforce. The Russians (or, in the Russian view, the British and Americans) would be sure to cheat. Moreover, if the ban were effective, it would be a catastrophic blow to the development of nuclear weapons which were our sure shield and the infallible deterrent against war. Suddenly the ban turns out to be both possible and beneficial. What has happened? Have the rulers of the Great Powers gone mad as we in CND were alleged to be? Or could it be remotely possible that CND was right after all? I observe also that responsible political figures, particularly in America, are now declaring that the Cold War was a mistake from the beginning, though many of them waged it. This confirms my general rule that if you want to know what the foreign policy of a country will be in 20 years' time, find out what the dissenting minority are saying now. The idealism of today is the realism of tomorrow. However I am a little aggrieved that the orthodox are now displaying their wisdom by expressing views which brought me much trouble when I put them forward on radio and in the newspapers more than 20 years ago.

☐ Loyally back in London to write this Diary, I have had a distressing experience. I have been to the exhibition, Change and Decay, at the V and A. This is the record of our churches and chapels that have fallen into ruin or been destroyed. The buildings range from Norman times to the 19th century. Some are humble village churches, some magnificent urban structures. These buildings are our national heritage; they are unique in Christian Europe – no other country has such a assemblage. Now they are being left to rot or are being ruthlessly destroyed by town planners and the makers of motorways. The incomparable church fittings are destroyed also, thrown on the bonfire or sent to the junk yard. Yet it needs only loving care and relatively small sums of money to save them. The Church of England is much at fault. It writes off 'redundant' churches and hampers any alternative use for them. These neglected churches have some gallant champions but they are few. Money could easily be found. The National Gallery might refrain from buying the works of minor Renaissance painters for a few years. Covent Garden Opera, with its repertoire of foreign works, could reduce its budget. With these churches English history is being wilfully destroyed. I would give Mentmore and all its vulgar treasures for a single village church with its three-decker pulpit, rood screen and box pews. William Morris set us an example when he saved Inglesham. Every one of these churches deserves the same operation of rescue and preservation.

A. J. P. Taylor

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The Security Commission, set up in 1964 after the Profumo affair, operates only at the request of the Prime Minister in conjunction with the leader of the Opposition. It is headed by Lord Diplock and includes Lord Allen of Abbeydale, former Permanent Secretary at the Home Office. It meets rarely, and Lord Diplock was uncertain yesterday who its other members were. – *The Times* (Rachel Watkins)

☐ It has been decided to accept a recommendation that the butchery department at the Bristol General Hospital should be closed. Savings of £50,000 in 1978-9 are expected. – *Evening Post* (Gordon Priest)

☐ Darlington Council is being asked to replace its six-year-old grave-digging machine, which requires expensive repairs. 'It is essential this machine is always in good working order,' the Borough Engineer will tell the Recreational Committee tomorrow. – *Evening Despatch* (E. J. Bell)

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Mervyn Jones

A Bow at a Venture

On a sports field at Leamington Spa, 80 men and 40 ladies – not referred to as 'women' – are gathered for an archery tournament. All are dressed in white, green or a combination of these colours. One lady with a Dietrich figure wears a green shirt and a brief white tennis skirt, but the others favour trousers. The ladies also wear leather pads to restrain the left breast; on learning that they compete or practise every weekend and most summer evenings, I wonder whether this induces any permanent imbalance, but it's a question I don't dare to ask. Silence is observed during the shooting, and even when there's a break I am struck by the absence of the joking and joshing associated with most sports. A remark like 'You ought to have been a good boy last night, Bill' would, one feels, be very badly received. Archery is a serious business.

Very serious indeed it was through most of its long history. The longbow was not only the medieval Englishman's primary tool for killing game and enriching his monotonous diet, but also his supreme weapon of war. Englishmen relinquished their bows, like their horses, reluctantly. In fact, Captain Jack Churchill practised his archery sedulously during the first quiet winter of the last global conflict, and was rewarded on 27 May 1940 by being the last man to kill an enemy soldier with an arrow. He tries to retrieve the arrow (unlike bullets, they can be re-used) but it broke and he had to leave half of it in the German corpse. If Hitler already had a low opinion of British resources in modern military equipment, this event may have confirmed his view.

It's a sunny day, but the first thing I see as I approach is a line of huge umbrellas – all green, naturally. I remember reading in a pamphlet issued by the Grand National Archery Society the stern sentence: 'Once a shoot commences it continues in all but gale-force winds or torrential rain.' An archer tells me that it rained relentlessly right through a tournament a fortnight ago; nobody quit. The day lasts six and a half hours. When it isn't your turn to shoot, you brood beneath your umbrella.

Archery is not a spectator sport. Unless equipped with powerful binoculars (which some archers carry) spectators would be unable to see where the arrow has landed on the target. You can admire the stance of the archer, which is much more graceful than – for instance – that of a batsman in cricket, and from a lateral position you can watch the arrow winging through the air, but that's about all. Only the musical twang interrupts the silence. The spouses and children of archers either are archers themselves – this often happens – or else stay away. Though politely received (the motto of the GNAS is 'Union, Tame Heart and Courtesie') I have the same sense of intruding in a self-sufficient and well-ordered world that one gets when visiting a monastery.

Also, archery isn't primarily competitive. The event of 30-31 August is the West Midlands championship, and prizes – one decorative horn, one trophy – will be presented by the Lady Paramount. Saturday's shooting is conducted under the rules of the Fédération Internationale de Tir à l'Arc; on Sunday the archers will historically regress to the old British rules, which have a non-decimal scoring system and measure range in yards, not metres. But for most of the archers present the prize isn't the point. They are here to notch up points towards qualifications: the FITA star, the Six Gold badge, the title of Master Bowman or Grand Master Bowman.

There are three kinds of archery: field, clout and target. Field archery is hunting, and it's for real in the US, where archers have agreements to take over the woods on certain days from the men with guns. They kill deer, rodents and occasionally bears. In this country they shoot wooden silhouettes, concealed in the landscape in (mostly) remote parts of Wales. Clout archery is the art of shooting high in the air, aiming at a white cloth tied to a post. It's target archery that is recognised for national, European and world championships under FITA rules, as well as in the Olympic games. 'We British don't shine,' an archer told me regretfully. World winners at the present time are from the Scandinavian countries, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Belgium – an odd line-up.

All this is explained by Mr Bob Parsons, today's scorer, who is here with his wife and fellow-archer Hilda. Now 62 years old, and formerly the head of a firm making heating and ventilating equipment, Mr Parsons is a senior coach. He has just been to Northern Ireland on a training mission. 'They're way behind us – very weak in expertise,' he says. Remembering Captain Churchill, I feel that it's just as well. Mr Parsons was hooked on archery by reading a book in the Birmingham public library. The GNAS was formed in 1861, but the sport first became really popular in the 1930s. There are now 820 clubs with over 16,000 members.

Mr Parsons also tells me that archery brings together people of every social class. In my experience this assertion is made by devotees of every sport, including fox-hunting. 'You'll find anybody,' says Mr Parsons, 'from educated people to, if you'll forgive the expression, bricklayers.' My sampling during the lunch-hour gave me the impression that the social bracket of archery approximates to that of golf (at least in England): the business community, with supervisors or technicians in industry. True, this is the West Midlands.

I move on to talk to Mr Denis Truelove, who is a national judge. Impressively, he wears a green jacket, three badges and a tie adorned with miniature archers (gold figures on green). His work elsewhere involves the co-ordination of reports in a fork-lift factory. He declares emphatically that archery is the finest sport in the world because it's so friendly and honest. On one occasion Mrs Truelove, shooting for a championship, pointed out to her rival that she'd moved her sights down instead of up when the range was altered. Virtue was rewarded and Mrs Truelove won by one point, but if she'd kept quiet she'd have won by ten or more. The archers walk up to the targets and check their own scores; four in turn have shot at the same target and they identify their arrows by colour. Since they can check one another, and since they're so honest anyway, I ask what the judge is for. Mr Truelove explains that he's mainly called in to deal with 'bouncers' – arrows that hit the target but don't stick in it. A bouncer counts toward the score, and the judge has to decide which archer has shot it. In cases of dispute, the final appeal goes to the Lady Paramount, who presides over the tournament – though she may also be a competitor.

The Lady Paramount this weekend is Mrs Carol Sykes, a superb shot. The ladies' targets are placed at a range of 80 metres when the men's are at 90, and this results in generally equal scores. Mrs Sykes, who has won the trophy nine times, is also a glass merchant with her own business, has four children and four horses, and appears in the Christmas pantomime in her home town of Stourbridge. Her husband, Mr Gary Sykes, has a building business. He is a Master Bowman, but Mrs Sykes is a Grand Master Bowman. I venture to ask if there's any move to change the term to 'bowperson'; Mrs Sykes has evidently heard this before and says crisply 'No'.

As it happens, all the archers at this tournament are able to walk. I mention this because it's quite possible to shoot from a wheelchair, and one of the great things about archery is that it's a sport for the disabled. However, it certainly isn't a sport for weaklings. The bow itself weighs 12 or 14 pounds, about the same as a rifle; the draw-weight, reckoned as an equation of force with mass, may be 38 pounds or as much as 50. An archer shoots 150 times during a day's competition so he shoulders a total draw-weight of about five tons. As you could see by looking along the line, it's fantastic for the muscles. No wonder archers marry archers.

There are still people shooting with the traditional longbow made of yew; a contest in this style is held annually between the Woodmen of Arden and the Royal Company of Archers, who are the Queen's bodyguard in Scotland. But the modern bow is made of fibreglass with a core of maple; the string is of carbon fibre filaments; the arrow is of tubular aluminium alloy; even the feathers have been replaced by plastic veins. I have to report that some of the bows I saw were made in Japan – by Yamaha, better known for their motorbikes. What between improvements in manufacture and the excellent coaching system, tournament scores are about double what they were 15 years ago. Archery is on the up and up.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Under Pressure

Apart from the somewhat outlandish and improbable names that one sometimes has to memorise and get one's tongue round (Darlene Porter Mandelbaum: Byron C. Scharnhorst III), nobody raises a louder hurrah than I for the entire American race with their warm-heartedness and generosity and, gasp with surprise as some readers may, what one can only call their goodness, a goodness of which most other countries, cynically disbelieving in the possibility anywhere of such a national characteristic, have a dark and instinctive suspicion. My enthusiasm for the American language is more guarded. It is true that it occasionally enriches English with marvellously succinct little phrases ('I want out' is a crisp example) but at the same time it falls rather too often unpleasingly on the ear. I've never somehow got accustomed to the two words 'heavy petting'. The activities they describe are neither here nor there. It's just the words that I'm unkeen on. They occur in those deadly serious articles about virginity statistics among sophomores at, say, universities in the Mid-West and when I say deadly I mean deadly. The poor old adjective 'heavy' never seems anyway to hook itself on to anything very joyous – heavy-hearted, heavy weather, heavy-handed, heavy breathing.

Where can one lay the blame for the currently all too fashionable word 'pressures'? Hardly on America, I think, and much nearer home. The word comes in handy in courtrooms when two merry, curly-headed teenagers, apprehended by the police after battering and chopping to bits an ancient grandmother and robbing her of 70p, are being politely invited to explain their nowadays not very unusual conduct. When the defence psychiatrist has duly trotted out his balmy speech (balmy in the sense, of course, of providing balm) about the boys' action being nothing but a simple 'cry for help' (the granny's cries for help never get so much as a mention) and has informed those present that it is 'society' which is really to blame, the criminals' turn comes to plead and, my goodness, they know what to say. It's a winner all along the line. They've heard it in films and on the telly and they've got the magic words off pat. 'Yer know, it's not our fault. It's all these pressures on us, yer know.' At this heart-rending explanation, judges burst into tears, juries dab their streaming faces with their hankies, there's not a dry eye in the public gallery and the culprits are merely fined £1 each for trespassing on old granny's property (her head, among other items).

The pressures referred to are, presumably, the worrying prospect of having, some day and in some fashion (and if not, there's always Assistance) to earn a living, coupled with society's strange insistence that they should stop bashing people about. As pressures go, these hardly seem to amount to very much. Cockney slum-dwellers of the 1890s might have had a justifiable thought or two about pressures. It is odd that 40 years ago in the, for so many, threadbare Thirties and earlier in the deplorable Twenties when there was every reason to complain, nobody whined about pressures and old grannies could sleep peacefully in their beds. Remarkable that at a time when severe poverty and need were a permanent feature of life, honesty and reasonable behaviour flourished too. Perhaps some psychiatrist could examine these puzzling facts and come up with another balmy (as before) explanation.

So much for pressures but we can, I think, allow another modish word, that of 'tension' and all that it implies. Tension seems to me entirely understandable in a world which includes President Amin, cod, Russia, jukeboxes, Mr Healey's financial pronouncements, the Metropolitan (or any other of your choice) Water Board, oil, and these charming new nerve bombs which are said to pick people, seated at breakfast and deep in the crossword, neatly off while leaving completely unscathed the impressive façade of 14 Chatsworth Crescent, Bognor.

However, let us all cheer up for I bring, as so often, comfort and help in the shape of *Simple Relaxation*, delightful Laura Mitchell's physiological method of easing tension which Messrs John Murray will be only too glad to let you have in paperback at a mere £1.95 (hardback, £3.95). If you imagine that you are already *au fait* with and 'into' relaxation and that it just means going ker-flop on your new duvet and passing smoothly out, then I have news for you. Relaxation is a problem you've got actually to work hard at and Miss Mitchell's informative pages are crammed with illustrations of her happy patients pulling this limb and lengthening that and twiddling joints in all directions, success everywhere.

We start strongly with Chapter I ('Disease spells Dis-Ease') and press thrillingly on with Nerves, Muscles and Fear (a biblical quotation always creates confidence and here our authoress has selected 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made,' Psalm 139 v. 14, and all too true). How extraordinary to discover after all this time, that one possesses Spindles and Golgi, both names of sensory nerve endings, though I'm far from sure where their province lies or what they get up to down there in the dark. 'Assuming mine is a body under stress,' challenges Miss Mitchell, 'what orders will I give it to change the pattern of stress to a pattern of ease?' The answer that springs immediately to mind is 'Sit right down, dear, and help yourself to an amber-coloured glass of whisky', but I fear that this is frivolous and totally unacceptable. We're here to work and away we go, pulling our shoulders towards our feet, turning our hips outwards, dragging our jaws downwards, stretching limbs right and left while yawning, and lastly, 'pushing our feet away from our face.' As regards this final trick, Miss Mitchell counsels 'Do this rather slowly.' I'm not going to do it *at all*, Miss Mitchell, until I understand exactly what is involved.

It's plain that it all works a treat and tension vanishes if you keep at it, but it is when we come to insomnia that clever Miss Mitchell moves right into top gear. Her view about sleeplessness is don't just lie there, get up and fight it. We must, once again, be a hive of activity. Before so much as thinking of bed, take Rover for an evening stroll or, possibly, run round the garden a few times. Then bed? Not at all. 'Pamper your tummy' is the order, and pamper it by popping into it some milky beverage or, if you prefer, just slosh in the whisky. Once finally between the sheets, banish tension by running through your joint-easing exercises a time or two before passing on to some activity such as religious meditation or poetry reciting or planning the next week's menus. If wakeful in the night, leap from bed, hasten to the lavatory and none of that shall I or shan't I, and then nip to the kitchen and collect up 'just a little something' (a banana, a handful of Garibaldis), returning to bed with your dorm feed and munching it slowly while reading 'an undemanding book' (there are several about). The tuck, you see, will divert blood to your stomach from your head and leave less to think with. 'Soothe yourself by all these tricks and then swamp your brain with boredom.' No problem.

Roger Woddis

Buying of Spares

(After Henry Reed's 'Naming of Parts')

Today we have buying of spares.
Yesterday we had British know-how,
And tomorrow we expect tenders from China.
But today we have main bearings
For the Scorpion tank's cooling system
  Made in the USSR.

This is the Tornado multi-role plane,
Fitted with Russian titanium sponge.
And this is a missile-carrier,
Equipped with Eastern bloc spare parts.
And this guarantees after-sales service
  In the event of war.

This is an Opposition Member going spare.
Note the raised arm and frenzied eye
Rolling rapidly from side to side:
We call this doing your nut.
And this is a spokesman making inquiries:
  We call it playing for time.

We are not mad: it is perfectly safe
If you have done your forward planning
And know your logistics. We have signed
A contract: today it is Russian spares;
Tomorrow, if they lurch across Europe,
  They will be using ours.

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Letters to the Editor

Liddle Towers et al

Sir, The Liddle Towers affair (NS 29 July) is only one of many strange affairs concerning the Northumbria Police. The following cases have all been reported in the press:

(1) On 30 December 1974 a Mr Levy alleged that when he was arrested he was beaten with truncheons and made to stand outside, against a police car, in freezing temperatures wearing only his underpants.

(2) On 30 October 1975 a 17-year-old youth alleged that he was forced to stand naked at Felling police station, near Gateshead, until he confessed. He said: 'The detectives slapped me across the head and made me take off my clothes. I had to stand in a corner until I agreed to make a statement.'

(3) On 16 January 1976 Liddle Towers was arrested.

(4) In February 1976 two boys were arrested for arson (John McDonald and Peter Neville) and taken to Blyth Police Station where they confessed to a crime which it was subsequently found they had not committed. They alleged that they were beaten up by the police so soundly that they were forced into making the false confession. John's doctor said that one of the blows was so severe that had it landed on the other side of his head he would have been killed. On 2 February 1976 Eddie Milne, the former Labour MP, had been quoted in the *Sun* newspaper: 'It has now got to the stage where I will never be interviewed by the Northumbria and Durham police on my own.'

(5) On 22 April 1976 a 61-year-old man died of a heart attack as two Gateshead policemen arrested his son at his home.

(6) On 18 May 1976, a man claimed that the police at Gateshead police station punched and kicked him, beat him with a truncheon and whipped him with a choker-type dog-chain with a knotted end.

(7) On 18 March 1977 police were called to Woodstock Road Adolescent Unit, Newcastle, to investigate a fire where, it was alleged by the city's Social Services Department, they struck three boys in the face. The Home Office directive that children should not be interviewed by the police unless in the presence of a parent or guardian was ignored.

(8) The publican of 'The Golden Eagle', Blyth, claims that when he was taken into custody on 18 June 1977 for an alleged driving offence he was repeatedly assaulted by the police who tried to goad him into losing his temper and retaliating. Mrs Yellowley, to whom the case was referred and who is a local councillor and magistrate, claims to know of many similar cases of assault at Blyth police station but the victims, she says, are frightened to complain for fear of police reprisal.

The truth cannot be suppressed indefinitely. Ultimately we will all know what really happened to Liddle Towers when an investigation into the affairs of the Northumbria police generally is ordered, as it surely must be.

J. E. GROOMBRIDGE

Sunnyside
Denstone Road
Rocester, Staffs.

Workers' Rights

Sir, In his article in last week's NS Professor Wedderburn expresses his disappointment in the debate that has followed the publication of the Bullock Report. But there are many who were neither disappointed, nor surprised by this (though they may have been disappointed by the report itself).

I think that this may be because there is a general (gut?) feeling – probably wider than it is deep – that there was something unreal or unnatural, and probably potentially dangerous about its proposals to transfer some authority in the running of business enterprises without providing a means of transferring with this the corresponding degree of responsibility for those enterprises' futures.

There is an increasing awareness today among all sections of our society that many of our problems have stemmed from the tendency to allow authority and responsibility to become separated. Whenever we have done this, for example in much of the legislation that has recently been enacted, we have set the scene for further inefficiency, instability, unhappiness and strife, in the way we manage our affairs. We have to hope that our politicians, legislators, leaders of labour unions – indeed all people in positions of authority are also getting this message. Perhaps we need not be too pessimistic about this, for they themselves are now seeing the realities of their situation (and those of the people they are supposed to represent) in which they have acquired 'authority', without having taken on board the 'responsibility' appropriate to this.

We all have to be encouraged to take more responsibility for our actions, at individual as well as group levels. But to legislate for it in the manner proposed by the (majority) Bullock Report is more likely to be detrimental to our industrial and social well-being and happiness, than otherwise.

TERRY SIMMS

49 Heaton Grove
Bradford
West Yorks.

Inner Space

Sir, Critics do as critics are; but it would not, I hope, be too much to expect that a critic writing for a journal with the reputation of the NEW STATESMAN would actually attempt to understand what an author is trying to say. J. Ballard reviewing John St John's *Travels in Inner Space* (NS 15 July) appears hardly to have read the book, let alone attempted to understand it. It strikes me as being an unusually honest personal account of an individual's search for himself. Such a search, it may be added, not uncommonly turns out to be a religious quest, and this becomes apparent in St John's last chapter, although I suspect that Mr Ballard did not read that far.

It was not, and did not attempt to be, an appraisal (lay or otherwise) of varying techniques of group psychotherapy. The people attending the encounter groups were not 'middle-class Hampstead intellectuals' and most were not on ego trips. Can your critic maintain as much for himself, and would he not be better employed writing his excellent fiction as fiction and not trying to disguise it as review material?

COLIN WILSON

Tetherdown
Gorran Haven
Cornwall

NAFF and Youth

Sir, Mr Abrey's forthright and refreshing letter raises a considerable number of points. He will doubtless be glad to learn that the extremists at Southampton who once accused MI5 of complicity in the Birmingham pub bombings have since been totally discredited by a restatement of those middle-class values which so many students affect to despise, despite the fact that they are the values on which the whole of Western civilisation is based. While nobody would condone some of the NAFF's excesses, it is fair to say that these are merely by-products of their devoted and unstinting efforts to defend the fundamental rights that so many of us take for granted. Whatever issues were originally involved at Grunwick's, the fact is that those workers who have courageously held out inside are faced by crowds of pickets and demonstrators whose responsible leaders are evidently quite powerless to control the seething mass of insolent thugs behind them. If Mr Gouriet and the NAFF are prepared to defend us from such mobs as these, let us be grateful to them.

JAMES SIMISTER

University of Southampton Students Union
Highfield
Southampton

Sir, I get the impression that John Abrey (Letters 29 July) must be a left-wing 'plant', using his deliciously vague address ('Durham') as a base for discrediting the National Association for Freedom and its followers!

COLIN GRAY

11 Lulworth Gardens
South Harrow

Verbal Exports

Sir, Crucifer understandably includes *Schadenfreude* in his London Diary (NS 22 July) for stylistic reasons, because it is in the context; and he supplies the translation. For years I have wondered why the word is still in the vocabulary when there is a good English word, 'gloating', the gerund of the verb which the OED defines as 'to feast the mind malignantly'. The OED's definition of malignity is 'deep-rooted ill-will', and treats 'malevolent' and 'malign' as synonyms, meaning 'desirous of evil to others'.

During many years lived in Germany I never heard *Schadenfreude* used at all. It may have come into fashion here during the psychological warfare of the 1914/18 War, but J. L. Garvin continued to use it from time to time, for some reason, in his *Observer* articles. *Schadenfreude* does exist of course, but surely not only in Germany.

HERBERT REED

Nazareth House
Cheltenham
Gloucestershire

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Insider's Europe

Sir, In case any member of the Government should lose heart over the chances of reforming the CAP may I point out that the 'stock-taking exercise' referred to by David Haworth (Letters 29 July) was made primarily in response to German demands and not at 'HMG's request' as stated.

That it found its way into Mr Haworth's wastepaper basket (along, no doubt, with the Tindemans Report and many others) may be because these exercises are undertaken simply to appease the public with a display of activity – while at the same time keeping over-salaried and under-worked bureaucrats occupied in preparing them. But this does not mean that reform of the Common Agricultural Policy is impossible.

IAN FLINTOFF

13 Cornwall Crescent
London W11

House Purchase Hurdles

Sir, Why do we make it so difficult for people to buy or sell a house? In England, an offer is accepted 'subject to contract'. But until that stage is reached – and it can often take months – both parties need nerves of steel to withstand the pressures that build up during the waiting period. I write from painful experience of the many hurdles to be overcome once the euphoria of agreeing a price has worn off.

First, there are the constantly nagging doubts that the other party might change his mind – normally, he has plenty of time to do so. Or the buyer could be refused a mortgage. Or the surveyor will find something wrong with the house. And the most common of all – the buyer will be delayed by the person buying *his* house who, in turn, is delayed by the person buying *his* house who in turn, is delayed . . . All these fears – and they are very real indeed – usually vanish with the exchange of contracts. As a result, both parties become almost obsessional about reaching the contract stage. And it is not only the two parties. Breathing down their necks are solicitors, estate agents, building societies and bank managers. Nothing can really happen, including a bridging loan, until contracts are exchanged.

It is much easier to buy or sell £1m. of stocks or shares than it is to buy or sell a £10,000 house. It might be revealing, Sir, to throw open your columns to readers who have experienced simpler systems of home ownership in other Western countries. For example, perhaps we can learn something from Scotland, which I understand has a completely different system?

IAN HYMAN

20 Constable Road
Norwich

Judgment at Nuremberg

Sir, It is a pity that Clive James in reviewing a book on the Nuremberg trials (NS 29 July) did not save himself a great many words by saying, as civilised people must believe, that capital punishment is wrong in all circumstances. The degree of guilt is irrelevant.

G. M. LEE

Delamere
Hunt Grove
Bedford

Bullseye

Sir, I enjoy Arthur Marshall's weekly confessions, though unable to repress a wince now and then at some smug pronouncement, but I do think that when harking back to the Good Old Days (for him) he should not imply as he does (NS 22 July) that what was cheap in the way of prices for him as a boy of 17 was a general condition among the population.

The £1 that he could do so much with as a boy of 17 was not far off the working man's average weekly wage (30 shillings to £2); so that he gleefully discloses that a seat in the circle of a West End theatre was only 5s. And that even with 'a reckless order of tea in the interval you were about two bob in hand on your return home' he had just squandered on his little outing, presumably one of many, two-thirds of a working man's wage. Those few working men and women who went to the theatre – they would necessarily all be unmarried – would be in the gallery for 1s 3d; certainly without 'tea in the interval'. No need for Arthur Marshall to be surprised at the waiter in the restaurant 'delighted apparently' with a 6d tip. No 'apparently' about it: he'd just been handed as 'tip' around 2 per cent of a working man's wage.

WILLIAM GOLDMAN

Ickneild
Woodside Avenue
Beaconsfield, Bucks.

The SDLP

Sir, Could I repudiate my friend Mary Holland's description (NS 22 July) of the SDLP as a Catholic party? It is not: it is a social democratic party with support coming mainly from Catholic voters.

PADDY DEVLIN
Chairman of the SDLP
Public Representatives

39 Greenan
Shaws Road
Belfast

The Press and Physics

Sir, David Basnett and Geoffrey Goodman (Letters 15 July) may be well versed in affairs of the press, but they seem rather ignorant of simple physics. So Paul Johnson's attitude 'is some light-miles to the Right', is it? They need not have worried. According to my calculations, he has shifted by only 0.000005376 seconds.

SIMON BARNE

Grange Farm
Felixstowe, Suffolk

Esperanto Lives

Sir, I was pleased to note that the NS recently published a poem referring to Esperanto. The new Trade Union and Co-op Esperanto Group (TUCEG) has recently been formed to gain the support of the whole Labour movement for the international language – Esperanto. TUCEG has already gained the support of many important figures in the Labour Movement. Jack Jones is our Hon. President and Stan Newens MP our Chairman. Our Vice-Presidents, in their personal capacities include the presidents or general secretaries of 13 Trade Unions, 24 Labour MPs (including five Government Ministers), the General Secretary of the Labour Party, the Chairman of the Co-operative Party and other personalities in the Labour Movement.

Your readers may be interested to note that not only is Esperanto able to offer a practical and democratic solution to the world's language problem, but because it is easy to learn, offers schools an ideal introduction to language teaching. For example, experiments with parallel groups of pupils at a school in Manchester showed that Group 'A' pupils, who had studied Esperanto for one year followed by French for three years, were better *at French,* than Group 'B' pupils, who had studied French for the whole four years. I will be pleased to send further information to any of your readers who care to write to me.

DAVE WETZEL
Convenor
Trade Union and Co-op Esperanto Group
28 Penderel Road,
Hounslow, Middlesex

Far Flung Corners

Sir, Shame on your correspondent, Mr Vaughan, who casts aspersions on the manner in which the NS crossword prizes are allocated (Letters 22 July). I too have received two book tokens within the last ten years, but without any recourse to the intricate method of having foreign stamps affixed to the envelope.

Believing in your fairness, I shall still continue with my weekly hobby, hoping that once again. I shall be lucky enough to be one of 'the first three opened', even if I affix a very ordinary, ever increasingly-priced first-class stamp of local origin.

E. COLLETT GRIFFITHS

172 Hardhorn Road
Poulton-le-Fylde
Lancs.

Sir, Paul Vaughan writes on the apparent advantage that foreign-posted crossword solutions have over home-posted ones. There may be another reason – it could be quicker.

Some time ago, I used to correspond regularly with my daughter in Fiji (and you can't get more far flung than that). Delivery in three or four days either way was normal and by writing, say, on a Wednesday, I could get a reply the following Wednesday.

Compare that with (a) a letter from an office 400 crow-flying yards away taking four days (b) a letter admittedly from Welsh Wales, taking eight days. Worse, this was clearly marked 'On Her Majesty's Service'.

S. G. DIXON

7 Elm Grove
North Harrow

Julian MacLaren-Ross

Sir, I am at work on a biography of Julian Maclaren-Ross (1912-1964) and would appreciate hearing from any of your readers who possess letters, memorabilia, or other information pertaining to Maclaren-Ross.

THOMAS J. CURRY

231 Miller Avenue
Freeport
New York 11520

How Dare You

Sir, I cannot possibly allow you to cast doubts on a lady's innocence. In my last week's piece called 'Don't Forget To Write', I wrote, and correctly so, that Mrs Bultitude 'knows nothing' of a French postcard called *Langage du Timbre.* You chose to print 'knows of' a French postcard, etc., thus implying that she is having an affair with both the vicar and the milkman. There is a hint that I too am involved. I am not.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Reform Club
London SW1

Why Not?

Sir, Graffiti (London Diary, 22 July) in pub loo in Crouch End: 'A scab won't go away if you pick it.'

NIGEL TWOSE

World University Service
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London N15

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Anthony Quinton

Temporary Kings

The First Fabians by NORMAN and JEANNE MACKENZIE *Weidenfeld* £12.50

Cultural evolution is often as extravagant as natural evolution. It is generally understood that for every sperm that comes to something in the world, another 300 million or so die without effect. The waste is not quite so gross in the cultural domain. But the Fabian Society is a unique and remarkable exception among the mass of organisations for moral and political improvement that were showered over late 19th-century Britain in a vigorous historical emission. Its direct service to British socialism has been to introduce thought and a substantial quantity of factual knowledge alongside – and to some extent in conflict with – simple emotional enthusiasm, whether of the homegrown tin-tabernacle variety or of the imported Marxian and revolutionary kind. Indirectly, the paper in whose pages these words appear and the London School of Economics are the most notable Fabian offshoots.

Norman and Jeanne Mackenzie brought out a thorough and excellent biography of H. G. Wells not long ago and so acquired a familiarity with the progressive thought and thinkers of the turn of the century which, in their work for *The First Fabians*, has developed into a detailed mastery of the field. In this extremely readable new book they weave illuminatingly together the public and private careers of the main and lesser Fabians, placing the central narrative within its background, first, of socialism in Britain generally and, secondly, of the country's overall political history. The theoretical content of Fabian thinking is lucidly but rather briefly treated and, together with the problem of accounting for the success of Fabianism, is rather at the margin of the authors' attention. But that is fully made up for by the richness of factual detail in the record they provide.

The story is carried from the first meeting in October 1883 of the Fellowship of the New Life at 17 Osnaburgh Street to the outbreak of the first world war, with an epilogue to tell the reader what happened to the main figures afterwards, an appropriate piece of old-fashioned novelistic spaciousness. Edward Pease, tenant of the lodgings where the first meeting was held, came to this new interest from his work as secretary of the 'haunted house committee' of the Society for Psychical Research, but, unlike many comparably spiritually-minded early members, he did not fall away. From 1889 until 1913 he was secretary of the Society and hung on until 1955 – the last of the main charter Fabians to die.

The really important members, however, were Shaw and Sidney Webb. They had met before either became Fabians and were not in at the very beginning, but, once installed, their unpredictable alliance gave the Society its particular character. Webb contributed unswerving solidity of purpose, a devoted commitment to bureaucratic collectivism, which would indeed be a tolerable political notion if those who sought to serve the public were as selfless as Webb. Shaw contributed glamour and sparkle, but also something less ostentatious, a remarkable political dexterity in nullifying what might have seemed irresistible opposition by ingeniously changing the subject.

The Webb-Shaw programme of accumulating accurate knowledge to make effective reform possible – and of bringing it to the notice of those established holders of power who were in a position to make use of it – was persistently challenged by more ardent spirits. The first to leave was that one-woman circus of enlightened thinking, Annie Besant. Ramsay MacDonald, Graham Wallas and H. G. Wells followed her out of the Society in the fullness of time. The last to go was the Guild Socialist firebrand, G. D. H. Cole, to whom the founding fathers had hoped to hand on the running of the Society. After syndicalist high jinks of an unacceptable kind at the Fabian summer school at Keswick in 1914, his showy resignation a year later was only a matter of time. Beatrice Webb put the point at issue between the old guard of Fabianism and successive generations of rebels with admirable succinctness: Shaw and Webb wanted to make thinking persons socialistic; their opponents wanted to organise unthinking persons into socialist societies.

Permeation had already been tried once in a notable way and failed. Bentham put the results of his utilitarian cogitations at the disposal of Lord Shelburne, without discernible effect on the policies of that statesman. The relations between the Fabians and Lord Rosebery, first when he succeeded Gladstone as Liberal Prime Minister before the Liberal collapse of 1895, and again, after the Boer War, when he looked like the nucleus of an efficient, unsentimental imperialism, were somewhat similar.

What made a difference was that Webb was a vastly more competent manipulator than Bentham. This was shown in the way he used a substantial bequest to the society to found the LSE, an achievement which would, in the Wodehousian phrase, have caused raised eyebrows in the fo'c'sle of a pirate sloop. His reform of London education was perhaps his greatest concrete success, brought off in the most discouraging circumstances. Much was achieved, too, on a smaller scale. Sidney Webb, less grandiosely than Bentham, sought results in the forgettable arena of local government.

The Mackenzies make an interesting comparison between the resolute abstention from political activism on which Shaw and the Webbs insisted and the attitude of Shaw and Beatrice Webb to marriage or, one might even say, sexuality. This idea would excuse, if excuse were needed for such entertaining stuff, the very ample consideration the Mackenzies give to the private lives of their subjects.

Some leading Fabians were dedicated womanisers, Hubert Bland, above all, and later H. G. Wells and Clifford Sharp. That, after all, was something of a tradition in British socialism, vigorously pursued by Aveling, and made almost respectable by the activities of his father-in-law, Karl Marx, with the domestic staff. Shaw endured one sexual episode with Jenny Patterson, although with shrinking disgust. From then on his game was platonic seduction, with a host of correspondence-drenched victims: Janet Achurch, Florence Farr, May Morris, Ethel Terry, Mrs Patrick Campbell. Charlotte Payne-Townsend, who came to him from the straying hands of Dr Axel Munthe, was ready to accept sexless marriage with Shaw but found his emotional infidelities trying.

Beatrice Webb clearly found men attractive. It was only her desire for genuine independence that led her to reject the proposals of the socially and physically pleasing Joseph Chamberlain. Sidney Webb had to work very hard to win her hand, and even then it appears to have had thick gloves on. During their courtship she wrote to him that he was personally unattractive to her and that she doubted whether she could bring herself to submit to a close relationship. When, some time later, he sent her a full-length photograph of himself it came back with the chilling message: 'let me have your head only – it is the head only that I am marrying.'

The idea of sexual liberation was as much a part of the general tide of moral progressiveness on which Fabianism was carried along as was social reform, and in principle the major Fabians endorsed it. Their recoil from it in practice was part of a general reluctance to anticipate the style of life to be followed in the utopia they planned. Shaw, earning £40,000 from his plays, protested noisily about taxation; Beatrice Webb used a ship-owning brother-in-law to get a good cabin on a liner; Bland asked her if he should come to the Fabian Society in evening dress. On the other hand, Sydney Olivier insisted that his servants eat at the family table.

His incessant self-presentation and some substantial biographical additions and modifications have made Shaw's personality

Among this week's contributors:

ANTHONY QUINTON has recently been appointed President of Trinity College, Oxford.

Among BERNARD WILLIAMS's more recent publications are *Problems of the Self* (1973) and *A Critique of Utilitarianism* (1973).

ALAN RYAN teaches politics at New College, Oxford.

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readily accessible. The Webbs, with only Beatrice's intense self-descriptions to go on, are thought of in a way the Mackenzies pleasantly modify. Sidney comes out as far from a simple bureaucratic machine of old-fashioned design: modest, humorous and good-natured. She was a much frostier article, but she was often sharply amusing and not all that exclusively high-minded. What she says about their joint abasement before Stalin does not excuse it, but at least puts it in the right light:

> Old people often fall in love in extraordinary and ridiculous ways – with their chauffeurs, for instance; we feel it more dignified to have fallen in love with Soviet Communism.

That is at any rate a frank admission of senile folly. Particularly refreshing is her attitude to Graham Wallas's wife: 'My distaste is really to her clothes. I could forgive them if they were not worn *on principle*.'

Shaw and the Webbs naturally dominate the story that the Mackenzies tell. But they are informatively placed in the setting of a host of well-described associates, lesser figures who disappear from the narrative for a while, only to reappear, like Percival Chubb, a rather monastically-minded founding Fabian, who moved to the United States and ended a very long life in the service of the Ethical Church there as late as 1959, outliving even Pease. The Mackenzies have a perceptive sense of memorable detail, as when they mention the Whitmanites of Bolton, Rupert Brooke's collecting the village-names of *Grantchester* while delivering propaganda in that county for Beatrice Webb on his bicycle or, best of all, a celebratory soirée for the Society in 1907, to which Annie Besant and H. M. Hyndman came: 'the executive agreed that Cecil Sharp's Morris dancers might perform but on a majority vote decided that no ices were to be served.' This is socialist history written in something like the manner of Anthony Powell, and all the better for it.

Bernard Williams

The Nice and the Good

The Fire and the Sun: Why Plato Banished the Artists by IRIS MURDOCH *Oxford* £2.50

In this short book, based on her 1976 Romanes Lecture, Iris Murdoch takes up Plato's celebrated attack, from the point of view of philosophy and truth, on art and the artists. She considers where its weight lies, and compares its inner workings with other distrustful placings of art against morality, notably Kant's and Tolstoy's. She offers some thoughts, lastly, on the theme of how we might take something like Plato's point and yet defend art, resisting his demand that such art as may be allowed by the state to exist should be socially useful, morally celebratory, or at least decently minimal – and *minimal* would mean really modest: 'the paintings of (for instance) Mondrian and Ben Nicholson,' she excellently says, 'which might be thought of as meeting his requirements, would I think be regarded by Plato as histrionic and dangerously sophisticated.'

The book is not just an aesthetic argument on Platonic themes. It aims to go a good deal into Plato's philosophy, to such an extent that the publishers claim that it 'comprises in an accessible form a general view of the development of Plato's thought'. This emphasis is in more than one way a pity. It curtails to a fragmentary and tantalising brevity Miss Murdoch's suggestive remarks on what she rightly claims is a real question: in what way serious art can be understood as anything but threatening by a view which puts a conception of human goodness – as distinguished from human achievement – at the centre of life. In the place of pursuing that question in its own, and our, terms, Miss Murdoch's chosen plan gives much room to a very curious account of Plato's philosophy.

It is, first of all, in no obvious sense 'accessible'. It is allusive and off-hand: for one thing, no one will find it at all easy to follow unless he already knows something of the order in which Plato's dialogues are supposed to have been written. Barely intelligible references to one or two works of scholarship, not further documented, are scattered in parentheses. Remarks about different themes in Plato are put together in ways which are quite often imaginative but, equally, bewildering. She has not been helped, further, by the printer, one of whose many misprints issues on p. 3 in the misleading information that Plato's Forms are 'part of an argument for the immorality of the soul'.

If the account of Plato is hard to follow for those who do not know about Plato, it must be said that for those who do it is hard to credit. She relies on a resolutely simple account of the development of Plato's thought about the Forms, of a kind which has been indisputably modified, and many would say quite discredited, by modern scholarship. It is central to her story, to take just one example, that the strange cosmogonical dialogue the *Timaeus*, to which she gives a lot of attention, be placed unequivocally at the end of Plato's life; but for the past 25 years at least this date has been strongly disputed, and anyone who puts so much on the old dating owes the scholars an argument or two.

It is a pity that all this has to be said, since the interesting questions could emerge without any commitment on these issues. Plato in one period, Plato in one mood, or merely Plato as he has often seemed, would serve better to set out her central themes than the elaborate involvement in speculative history and creaky scholarship. Among the several ideas that curl about in the rather cramped space left for them, a main stem is this: for Plato, beauty is a conception which, properly grasped, is allied with truth, knowledge, and moral demands, *against* art, pleasure, and the indulgence of the ego. The image of the Forms, unchanging intellectual objects, stands as a picture of the moral world, of the world of goodness, which makes an unyielding demand on human beings who, considered merely in themselves, are, in a phrase of the old Plato which is quoted more than once, 'nothing much'. Platonic Eros, the passion for pure beauty, aroused for him in the first instance by boys and perhaps also by nature, but not (unlike us) by art, reaches out to that order of things that lies beyond us. The hardness and necessity of that moral order is linked also with the neces-

Nigel Williams

MY LIFE CLOSED TWICE

"One of those first novels that make a reviewer feel cheerful." *Isabel Quigly*, **Financial Times**

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sity of the natural order. For us, this necessity is, no doubt, just the necessity of how things are; for Plato, it is the necessity of the Cosmos, of the world conceived as created by and expressing 'passionate selfless unenvious mind'. (No disjunction of fact and value here, no mere equivocation on the 'must' of what we must do and of what must be.) Reality and goodness must after all be one – Plato's central doctrine: not because what is tangibly real, here and now, must be good – quite the contrary; rather, because both truth and goodness stand opposed to fantasy, distortion, the imaginative indulgence of the ego.

Miss Murdoch moves Plato, in his moral aspects, as close as she can get him to Kant, so that the Forms seem like a Greek façade surrounding that Gothic image, the Categorical Imperative. I think in fact that this is a mistake about Plato's moral psychology, which is in fact more egoistic, and more illuminatingly so, than she makes out. As an issue of general principle, not of history, this is an important point: much can turn on whether we picture morality in terms of abandoning ego in favour of reason, reality, or duty, or see it rather in terms of the formation of an ego on which the claims of morality can constitute reasonable demands. The Greeks generally, and rightly, preferred the latter, though there is a line in Plato, the line which Miss Murdoch exaggerates, which leads indeed in the direction of the former.

Suppose we are seized, as well we may be, by that line, and rest the weight on a conception of the good as something external to the 'greedy' ego (as Miss Murdoch often calls it), something inherent in a hard order of reality. What will we or she say to the claim – a pressing one, after all – that there is no such order of things, that what she would have us yearn for is not there? This is an embarrassment which has been latent in other of Miss Murdoch's writings, and not solely in her philosophy. Faced with the historical retreat from a conception of the moral order as transcendental, one who nevertheless insists that goodness lies in correct perception and freedom from error will inevitably tend to locate the subject-matter of that knowledge or error merely in the world around us: the misperception which is sin will have to consist in a misunderstanding not of the cosmic order of things, but (for instance) of other people. In that direction, in total and ironical contrast to the original spirit of the thing, lies cosiness. Only connect, understand others, you cannot will evil. It is a pity – though, granted much else of what he said, hardly a surprise – that Nietzsche has not yet succeeded in persuading us what a hopeless thought that is.

Miss Murdoch, retaining a schematically Platonic language at least, but with something of a modern blank where the Cosmic Thing used to be, defends art against Plato. But her defence, in the last pages of the book, is notably thin and, to tell the truth, distinctly easy-going by the standards earlier praised. One thing art does is to stand in for the life of the Platonic sage. 'It is just as well that there is a high substitute for the spiritual and speculative life: that few get to the top morally or intellectually is no less than the truth.' (I wonder where she puts the moral top.) 'Art is a great international human language, it is for all.' (Why? Are the qualifications for understanding art lower than for understanding people?) 'Of course art has no formal "social role" and artists ought not to feel that they must "serve their society". They will automatically serve it if they attend to truth and try to produce the best art (make the most beautiful things) of which they are capable.' (Two gigantic questions are begged there. One – that to serve art is to serve society – is centrally raised by Plato himself; the other – the equation of good and beautiful art – is raised by most modern art, at least.) 'The connection of truth with beauty means that art which succeeds in being for itself also succeeds in being for everybody.' (What – *now*?)

These are sentences which, carefully considered, would not have been written. It is a bit unnerving that, consecutively, they should be among her concluding reflections. It also belies many good things in the book – she has excellent things to say, for instance, on the morally destructive powers of irony, and on religious imagery in art. But on what we can and should now think on the largest issues she has raised, she sinks from the high and icy Platonic challenge to a very undemanding level of comfort. It is a striking fact that her most eloquent writing in this book is in the cause of a world view which we and she must know is an illusion.

Kingsley Amis

Horror! Absolute Horror!

The Edgar Allan Poe Scrapbook edited by PETER HAINING *New English Library* £6.50

Some artists are honoured because of what they made possible rather than what they did, which is all right if what they made possible is large enough. We can put up with Monteverdi if he really was needed to produce Beethoven. Perhaps Poe is one of these. Certainly what he did looks rather thin today.

> Helen, thy beauty is to me
> Like those Nicean barks of yore

that took chaps home o'er a perfumed sea, etc. Nicea, or Nicaea, an inland city of Asia Minor, gave its name for a time in the 13th century to the remnants of the Eastern Empire. The passenger craft then plying in the waters of that neighbourhood were not, as far as I know, renowned for either good looks or efficiency. But not quite any old barks of yore would have done here; wondering why they should be Nicean would have distracted Helen from the suspicion that her face reminded Poe of a lot of broken-down boats.

When the Raven, which also comes from of yore, hops into the poet's study and perches on the bust of Athene over the doorway, he at once and very sensibly asks the bird its name, and we all know what the Raven quoth to that; but most of us forget what follows:

> Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to
> hear discourse so plainly,
> Though its answer little meaning – little
> relevancy bore;

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> For we cannot help agreeing that no
> living human being
> Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
> above his chamber door –
> Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
> above his chamber door,
> With such name as 'Nevermore',

whereas birds or beasts with such names as Darren or Keith sit on sculptured busts above half the chamber doors in the English-speaking world, and nobody turns a hair. *Could* he have been taking the piss?

> And it was then (oh, I beg you, I entreat you not to call me mad), *then* that – horror! horror! absolute horror! – I realised that I *had entered into the* LIVING PRESENCE *of . . . DEATH!!!*

Poe never quite wrote that, but it is what his art was often aspiring to the condition of. Before he turned up, there had been plenty of writers who were no good – Herrick, Cowley, Cowper; Poe's distinction is to have been the first who was positively bad.

But then he was also remarkably unamiable as a man. He was 'a very devil when drunk', which he often became; he was a chronic liar; he never had a good word to say of any other writer, living or dead; he treated his friends and benefactors badly; he screwed money out of people; in general he was a monstrous egotist. When we reflect that he was also a poetical prodigy who recited his works in public and died after a drinking-bout at the age of 40, his resemblance to a plumper poet born over a century later and much nearer home becomes striking. There are differences, however. Poe gambled and played the flute, was usually well turned out, could be polite and even charming. One would like to believe the story that in 1827 he set off to fight for Greek independence and got as near to the scene of conflict as St Petersburg (Russia, not Pa. or Fla.), but on all grounds it seems unlikely.

Mr Haining's *Scrapbook* is a slight letdown after his companion volume about Dracula, which had more fresh material to offer. Poe's lies about his own career, and the tendency of commentators either to perpetuate them or to spend time refuting them, make some of the earlier pages unprofitable and repetitious: the length of his stay at West Point, for instance, whether five months or two years, is not settled here. But there are some revealing essays, even if what is revealed isn't always quite what the writer intended.

Jules Verne admired Poe: he actually finds 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue' convincing. Then, passing quickly over 'The Balloon Hoax' (the source of his own *Eight Weeks in a Balloon*, just published), he chides him for being unscientific in 'Hans Pfaal' – this from the most unscientific science-fiction writer of them all! That term, of course, didn't exist then, nor for long after; Hugo Gernsback, the Luxemburger-American who founded *Amazing Stories* in 1926, is supposed to have coined it after a preliminary boss shot with 'scientifiction' (not, I think, 'scientification' as given in the text). Anyway, whichever it was, Gernsback hailed Poe as the father of it, and a fairish parody by the one of the other is included here. We also have Ellery Queen hailing from the detective-story corner and H. P. Lovecraft, Poe's closest disciple and very nearly as awful a writer, doing the same for the horror story: 'before Poe,' he explains, 'the bulk of weird writers had worked largely in the dark.' One Susan Archer Weiss, writing in 1878, contributes a fascinating memoir, adulatory of Poe, sugary in parts, but giving some discredit where it seems due and intently observant throughout.

Fathers of things are in fact disallowed merit but seen as the cause of it in others. *The* cause – even in metaphor, multiple fatherhood ought not to be admitted. This collapses Poe's science-fiction claim at once: he is no more father of it than Bulwer-Lytton, Butler, Stevenson, Rider Haggard and the dozens of others cited in the days when the genre was not reputable. The detective stories are merely stories with a detective in them – they are wild fantasies strung together on pseudo-logic, but that detective admittedly started something, or someone: it was ungrateful, however accurate, of Sherlock Holmes to call Dupin 'a very inferior fellow'. Horror stories? All Poe did there was to mention a few genuinely nasty ideas – premature burial, living corpse, immurement, etc. – which set going acres of meritless rubbish. So what he made possible isn't much. And yet he stays in print. Funny, that.

Jonathan Keates

No Sale

George Meredith: His Life and Lost Love by DAVID WILLIAMS *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

Much recent critical and biographical reappraisal of Victorian literary figures has been reminiscent of what estate agents call 'a superior conversion' of decaying or outmoded property. Clough, for example, was overhauled to make him permanently available to earnest seekers after brow-furrowing anxiety and despair; Trollope, carefully scrubbed, sandtexed and snowcemmed, came back on to the market as a political moralist; Kingsley was found to have period features of character, including a rather recherché sex life; and Hardy has become a kind of bijou overspill area, with fresh critical developments every six months or so.

Much, of course, remains to be done: Browning, for a long time the most neglected, seems ripe for the bulldozers; something better might be made out of his wife, one of the very few 19th-century English writers alive to political actualities in Europe; a good deal of ivy, wisteria and old birds' nests needs taking off the Brontës; and poor Thackeray has to be visited in secret at the bottom of the garden.

Meredith also has remained more or less untouched, his fame tottering on the critical fringe. Kindly voices have now and then spoken up for him, but it would be interesting to know how many of the audience of V. S. Pritchett's 1969 Clark Lectures knew their subject as anything more than an occasionally anthologised name. *The Egoist* is dutifully reprinted from time to time, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* has featured in paperback, *Evan Harrington* was recently given a radio dramatisation, and intelligent selection seems to have ensured survival for the poems. Nevertheless it is hard to imagine a writer whose current neglect so perfectly counterpoises his erstwhile celebrity.

This was the man to whose Surrey chalet knickerbockered Edwardians made devotional bicycle rides, literary pilgrimages of a sort which have more or less entirely disappeared, involving a lunch, a few tentative questions, a selection of magisterial orotundities, and an autographed copy to nurse on the 4.15 from Leatherhead. He was a writer of whose *One of our Conquerors* Wells wrote, 'It is one of the books that have made me'; and who, on his 70th birthday, received a congratulatory address signed by Hardy, Swinburne, James, Gosse and Leslie Stephen. As a carpet-slippered valetudinarian he was feted by bluestocking peeresses and deferred to by generals and cabinet ministers.

He had made it, from naval tailor's son to OM, at the close of what seems a singularly uneventful life, despite two unfortunate marriages (his first wife, Peacock's daughter, had an affair with the Pre-Raphaelite Henry Wallis, for whom her cuckold husband posed in *The Death of Chatterton*), and a spell as a correspondent in Italy for the war of 1866. He also had a long period as a reader at Chapman & Hall, during which he rejected Hardy's 'The Poor Man and the Lady', getting him to write *Desperate Remedies*, accepted Gissing's *The Unclassed*, but gave thumbs down to *Erewhon* ('Will not do'), W. H. Hudson and the best-selling Ouida and Mrs Lynn Lynton.

David Williams's biography is all the more disappointing for its failure to meet the current challenge of its subject and his reputation. An attempt at linking life and works, as in *Evan Harrington* and the *Modern Love* sonnet sequence, rightly identified as kin to verse-novels like *Maud* or *Aurora Leigh*, is successful where it does not presuppose a knowledge of the author or a predilection for that weird, often rebarbative tone in which Meredith collars the reader, knocks him down, picks him up and shakes him and then begins bludgeoning him with metaphor all over again (try, as an exercise in stamina, the first two chapters of *Beauchamp's Career*).

Too much here, however, is either muddling or wholly ignored. More on Meredith's progressive schooling at Neuwied or on what he found to do in Milan in 1866 would have been worth having. What we are given instead is a significantly Meredithian plethora of quirky authorial intrusions ('after all 51 isn't a good age at which to catch whooping-cough') and an irritating mateyness in Williams's addresses to us ('The night-jar, you see, not the nightingale. It'll all go wrong'). A strong case for Meredith as anything other than a cultural hot-air balloon, a case based on the intriguing glimpses of a late-flowering, unsentimental romanticism vouchsafed by the poems or the Venetian chapter of *Beauchamp's Career* or the super-subtle dialogue of *The Egoist*, has still to be made.

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Alan Ryan

Class Conscious

Schools of Thought by MARY WARNOCK *Faber* £5.50 and £2.95

The familiar and insulting litany which begins 'those who can, do; those who can't, teach' continues – perhaps less familiarly – 'those who can't teach, teach teachers, and those who can't teach teachers, wind up as philosophers of education'. It's all grossly unfair, of course. Plato's *Republic* is universally regarded as the first and greatest essay in Western political thinking by just the people who think the philosophy of education is a soft option laid on to console dumb creatures in training colleges. But it is, of course, a treatise on the philosophy of education almost from start to finish, a fact which Rousseau pointed out, and one which encouraged him to expand the educational implications of *The Social Contract* in *Emile*.

Mrs Warnock's little book is rather more modest in both its metaphysics and its politics than were its illustrious predecessors, but its message is firmly in the tradition. Politics and education are inextricably interwoven, and it's not merely silly but an abdication of responsibility to pretend otherwise. Of course, politics can be kept out of education in the limited sense that the day-to-day strife of political parties can be kept at arm's length by educational administrators and teachers. But education is not something which it makes any sense at all to leave to the teachers and administrators. The point of education, says Mrs Warnock, is to enable children to lead the good life when they leave school. Although the exact constituents of the good life for any individual are endlessly debatable, some general demands are not. In particular, children need to learn how to work, so that they need not depend on the charity or care of others; they need to learn how to behave decently and honestly; and they need to have their imagination brought to life.

Where the new Green Paper is cautious about ruffling professional feathers, Mrs Warnock is brisk, fierce and exhortatory. Deciding what gets taught in schools is inevitably a paternalist activity; more than once, she goes out of her way to remind us that the customers are *children,* who don't in any straightforward way know what it is that they require. But, 'wherever paternalism is inevitable, the political question is, who is to be the father, and where does the power reside'. The answer is, not just with the teachers, at any rate: if we don't believe in Plato's Philosopher King who's going to lead (some of) us out of the Cave and into the sunlight of the True, the Good and the Beautiful, we've certainly got no reason to confide our judgments on the good life to school teachers.

> We must try to think that it is good that children should learn not according to some mysterious pedagogic standard, but according to a consideration of the life they will be enabled to lead after they have left school. And this means that anyone can have views, and should have the right to make his views known, about what is the desirable kind of life. Parents, teachers, employers, politicians, university professors, all these overlapping classes of persons may have contributions to make . . .

And there's no reason to suppose that parents, universities and employers are less able than teachers to work out what children have to know if they are to lead, if not the Good Life, at any rate better lives. A society which tries to keep politics out of education is, on this view, a society which has chickened out of making moral decisions and therefore makes them irrationally and by default.

A good deal of *Schools of Thought* is dedicated to the negative task of demonstrating that justice and equality are not, in themselves, adequate criteria for determining what ought to get into a school's curriculum. The argument is essentially a simple one – that the question of how to distribute education is a secondary question, answerable only when we have some idea of what we want to educate people for. Like everything Mrs Warnock has written, it's lucid, forceful and persuasive; but it does make for a slow approach to her positive account of what to demand of the educational system. It's almost as if Mrs Warnock has two audiences in mind: the first contains large numbers of student teachers whose minds have been rotted by the moral philosophy of John Wilson and the educational sociology of M. F. D. Young, while the second contains large numbers of parents who've been wondering whether to go and raise hell about the French teaching their offspring have been failing to get.

The book will do both audiences good. But the more important good is, I think, what it will do for the morale of any moderately rational parent. Mrs Warnock's unabashed defence of that much-maligned animal 'the bourgeois work-ethic' rests, surprisingly, but absolutely properly, on the psychological insights of that great loather of the bourgeoisie, Nietzsche. To be able to work properly is to achieve a sort of freedom – it allows us to control nature, to know ourselves, to determine our own fates and, in ordinary economic terms, to escape the tyranny of those who would otherwise give us charity. Her discussion of the way in which schools can and cannot teach morality is a triumph of enraged common sense; *of course* there cannot be such a 'subject' as morality – becoming virtuous is a matter of acquiring appropriate reactions and perceptions, a matter of training but not a matter of teaching. Some of Mrs Warnock's readers will, no doubt, think her altogether too harsh and unfeeling – she begins by admitting in a wry way that anyone who has doubts about the pursuit of equality is likely to seem a bit short on compassion. And the defence of order, routine, a good deal of early specialisation and so on, will undoubtedly make others of her readers uneasy. But as a celebration of the pleasures of the energetic intellect and imagination, *Schools of Thought* is irresistible.

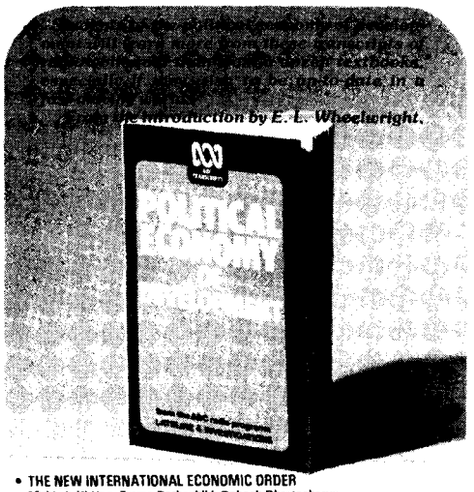
Anthony Sampson

Hardware

The Rise of Big Business by C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON *Weidenfeld* £5.95

'Much of our economic history is written from a socialist standpoint,' complains the Professor in his introduction, 'the ill-treatment of labour being its central theme . . .' This book, he explains, is designed to rectify that distortion by describing how big business grew up over the past two centuries: for 'if we are to defend Big Business let us know what it is we are to uphold'.

It sounds quite a promising beginning to some polemical writing, but it soon emerges that C. Northcote Parkinson has nothing very new to say: he embarks on a meandering story, written in the style of an encyclopaedia, of how companies emerged from agricultural society, where the country house was 'the head office of a complex organisation'. He is full of digressions, some of them amusing but most of them familiar. He has lively observations about the relationship of transport to business, the influence of typewriters on head offices or the connection between telegraphs and criminals. He takes us briskly through the careers of many well-known tycoons, from



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George Hudson to John D. Rockefeller. But he does not rise to that full-blooded admiration for capitalist heroes that appears to be promised in the preface, and he has few theories and no new laws to present. He seems rather to be overcome by a fascination with the things themselves – typewriters, gutta-percha, telegraphs, guns.

Perhaps this emphasis on things is of the essence of true business history: as Emerson put it, 'things are in the saddle and ride mankind'. Perhaps the great tycoons in the end were only the captives of the commodities and inventions they dealt in, taking on the properties of telephones, oil or railways rather than those of human beings. Certainly Professor Parkinson, in attempting to straddle two centuries of industries, seems to have lost his customary sharpness and wit in the trail of hardware. But the flatness and lack of originality may be due more to the fact that the book itself seems to be more part of a business operation, catering for the Institute-of-Directors market, than a considered statement in defence of Big Business.

Julian Barnes

Krapp's Tapes

Talking to Myself by STUDS TERKEL *Wildwood House* £7.50

Studs Terkel was, until this book, probably the only person in the United States who hadn't yet been interviewed by Studs Terkel; so there is, in this self-taped autobiography, a certain logic, even if the basic idea is as initially unsettling as, say, John Freeman *Face to Face* with John Freeman. Terkel's previous compilations of oral history (*Working, Hard Times* and *Division Street: America*), put together after extensive taping and extensive cutting, had a restless authenticity which made the best possible argument for the tape recorder as an active, constructive writing tool. *Talking to Myself* makes the best possible argument for the instrument being intrusive and distorting, the cause of laziness in its user, arrogance in its victims, and complacency in its final audience.

Terkel – who has been an actor, disc jockey, sports commentator and talk-show host, as well as a tape journalist – emerges as an amiable, energetic, long-winded Chicagoan with a fine liberal record. He has turned up at most of America's trouble spots over the last 40 years, and has contrived several excellent coups (like interviewing a couple of genuine villains at the time of Watergate and asking their opinion of the break-in: they are brusquely contemptuous of the burglars, full of respect for Nixon, and say things like, 'Liddy is a man among men'). On his travels he has met people of great and varied fame (Russell, Compton Burnett, Tati, Luthuli) whom he here recalls. He once talked to Jacob Bronowski, who told him that civilisation advanced only when men learned to ask of nature 'the impertinent question'. In Terkel's case, the impertinent question to ask is, wouldn't this have been a much better book if he had forgotten his spools of proof and stuck to memory?

Take his attitude to his childhood: 'Memory has undoubtedly played tricks, especially in the recounting of early years; yet, paradoxically, these are the most keenly remembered.' Would anyone else imagine this to be a paradox? Why assume, when you trade your sensibility for a pair of tape-heads, that your awareness is going to be heightened? Predictably, the most vivid parts of the book are Terkel's early, pre-tape memories (of his mother's hotel, his brother's scrapes, his own success at school). When the Uher and Sony first appear, a sense of the real, and a treasuring of it, seems to give way to a mere sense of the authentic. Moreover, the process of observation and recording starts elbowing out the objects of scrutiny. Terkel's story of meeting Martin Luther King is a story about not extracting the right sort of interview. Quizzing Russell, he spends most of the time squinting at the tape-counter, and consequently asking dull questions. When he meets Tati the account is dominated by the problems of taping. Eventually, Tati gives an apparently marvellous interview lasting an hour, and Terkel discovers that the tape has remained blank. Tremblingly, he breaks the news to Tati – who loves it. How too, too Tatiesque! Terkel loves it too. But what did Tati actually say during this 'rich, rewarding hour'? Terkel doesn't tell us. Perhaps he's forgotten; perhaps he *wasn't listening.*

Yet tape seems to have had a further and stranger effect on Terkel's vision, one which defines and limits his normal powers as a descriptive journalist. Obsessed with recording, with capturing the authentic, he seems only capable of conceiving live experiences in terms of other, already preserved and recorded experiences, like plays and films and pictures. Any bespectacled stripper reminds him of 'the young Arletty in the film *Children of Paradise*'; drivers become Gary Cooper; Mayor Daley becomes Tartuffe; the South African jungle, he remarks innocently, is like a Douanier Rousseau. It is too extensive to be mere mannerism. Terkel locates himself for us not by his feelings, but by who he thinks he looks like at the time: 'I am Peter Lorre . . . I am Cuddles Sakall . . . I was Raymond Griffith . . . I was Humphrey Bogart . . . I smiled my sick Stan Laurel smile . . . I am Blanche du Bois . . . I was the gross businessman of *Mr Hulot's Holiday* . . . I am Marcello [Mastroianni] . . . I am the Uneeda Biscuit Boy.' Sometimes he gets more complicated – 'though I felt John Llewellyn Lewis, I may have appeared Jimmy Cagney' – and when he joins up with James Cameron they become the plays of Beckett: 'We are Estragon and Vladimir. We are Hamm and Clov. We are Krapp.'

One of these transient doppelgangers is at least aware of the central problems of Terkel's way of life:

> I am, despite what appears to be a passion for life, attached to a mechanical device . . . Do I become most alive and imaginative when I press down the ON lever of my mute companion? I have a theory. I am a neo-Cartesian: I tape therefore I am. I am aware of one another: Richard Nixon.

There is, though, a third manic taper, as famous and representatively American as the other two: Andy Warhol. Originally, Warhol recalls, he had an affair with his television set.

> But I didn't get married until 1964 when I got my first tape recorder. My wife. My tape recorder and I have been married for ten years now. When I say 'we', I mean my tape recorder and me. A lot of people don't understand that. The acquisition of my tape recorder really finished whatever emotional life I might have had, but I was glad to see it go. Nothing was ever a problem again, because a problem just meant a good tape, and when a problem transforms itself into a tape it's not a problem any more. An interesting problem was an interesting tape.

Beneath the camp, provocative stance there is in Warhol a livelier awareness of the effects and perils of tape than anywhere in *Talking to Myself.*

Peter Conrad

Before the Fall

O America! by LUIGI BARZINI *Hamish Hamilton* £5.50

America is the noblest and weirdest creation of the human imagination. Nature has no claim on it: the country is the wistful invention of declining Europe, a projection of its millenial hopes. Immigration, as the Statue of Liberty proclaims, institutionalises the second coming, resurrecting the wretched European as a free soul whose new riches are tokens of spiritual grace. Admission to American citizenship is not a mere change of nationality but a badge of election to the universal company of the saved. America pledges itself to the relentless actualisation of the future, but in mechanically accelerating history it actually recovers the lost human past, regaining paradise.

Luigi Barzini in this superb memoir describes his years in the streamlined, affluen Eden between 1925 and 1930. It is not, he admits, a real place, but an imaginary anc invisible idea. Before he went there, he hac fabricated an America for himself, 'out o focus and beautified'; after he returnec to Italy, he retained inside himself an in visible American, a Calvinist buried in Catholic, who urged him to work harde

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than others, to succeed alone 'not by cultivating friends and protectors, joining powerful camarillas and organisations'. America has been transformed into a metaphor: Barzini tells some Italian immigrants who subsist among the miasmal ash-heaps of Long Island, turning stinking swamps into market gardens, that 'they literally had, as they say in Italy of anybody striking it rich anywhere, *trovato l'America* – found America in America itself'.

The promise of America is not only mercenary, but also appetisingly erotic. Donne, exploring his mistress, called her an America, a new-found-land. Isherwood's journey to America required a revision of sexual fantasy, substituting for the rented youths of Berlin the American Boy, 'muscular, hairy, earthy'. Barzini's indwelling America puts on human flesh in the shape of Ann, the vestal WASP he pursues and finally conquers, and who seems to him 'the opposite of an insidious, voluptuous, deceitful, lazy, fleshy and weak Mediterranean odalisque'.

For the young Barzini, America was a paradise of discipline, earnestness and honesty, in contrast with the institutional disarray of Italy; of idyllic and automatic wealth, in contrast with Italian penury. Yet one of America's magic aptitudes is that, though it's a fantasy of wish-fufilment, releasing the immigrant from his European misery, it recreates and perfects the home he has left: Barzini's America is a miniature and moveable Italy. The family's new American house reeks of Italian condiments. Even the skyscrapers look piously 'like a cluster of unlit candles at the foot of an absent saint'. The immigrant continues to live as he did in Europe: America is not a nation but a united nations, a random assortment of tribes each of which perseveres in habits of thought learned elsewhere. The Italians Barzini describes are blessedly indifferent to the new country in which they find themselves. 'The Opera people', for instance, 'lived in a mental cocoon . . . , as if they had never left their native land'. Gatti-Casazza, manager of the Met, knew only one word of English, which he uttered for the benefit of taxi-drivers: this was the name of his hotel, the Plaza, and he was careful to mispronounce it 'Pladza'. For Barzini, even the Mafia is a symptom of this innocent Italian refusal to adjust to America.

Ignorance is a guarantee of success in America, just as wealth is a prerogative of godliness. Those of Barzini's compatriots who dig ditches, keep restaurants and busy themselves as seedy impresarios, assuming the United States to be 'more or less like any other country, inhabited by more or less ordinary human beings', rapidly amass fortunes; Barzini himself, bewildered by the fantasticality of it all, is somehow paralysed, ill-at-ease because too alert and self-conscious. This is a country for the unreflective, a paradise from which, as Wilde said, the astuter Americans long to be expelled. Barzini spends his time in paradise waiting for the fall. Working as a journalist, he is fascinated by failures, which oughtn't to occur in paradise – a Columbia undergraduate gassing himself in the kitchen, a philosophical lush, or a destitute painter whose indigence is his wealth, since it grants him freedom:

> I'm a millionaire of sorts already. I don't have to catch a train in the morning, I serve no boss, and am doing exactly what pleases me. How much is that worth?

These derelicts propose a subversive atheism which disconcerts Barzini: they refuse to be saved by the American dream.

They are therefore harbingers of the fall, which comes in 1929 as the Crash. The collapse of the stock market is a judgment on American improvidence, and a warning that the earth's resources are finite. Barzini calls it 'a profound and vaguely sacreligious transformation of man's life'; as a journalist, he considers it 'the biggest [story] since the fall of Adam'. The crash not only confounds Barzini's optimism, but obliges him to choose between Europe and America. On 24 October 1929 he has the editorial responsibility of preparing the front page of a school newspaper, and hesitates over the headline. Wall Street has slumped; but, in addition, an anarchist has tried to assassinate the dandified, philandering Italian Crown Prince in Brussels. Barzini inclines towards the glamorous European episode, but eventually concedes priority to the Crash. His decision is an admission that history has moved westwards, and now happens first as tragedy in America, then later, in Europe, as farce.

Barzini returns soon afterwards to his corrupt, disintegrating Europe, but confesses that 'something in me' – the prelapsarian remnant – 'is irremediably American'. His giddy American adolescent self and the sage elderly Italian self it turned into have collaborated on this book; moving, amusing and exuberantly over-written, it does credit to them both.

Roy Fuller

Quatrains of an Elderly Man

In the Night

I wake up, vaguely terrified, at three
And switch the light on, reach out for
my book,
And slip inside the life of sanity
Of Wopsle, Gargery and Pumblechook.

Listening

I still can tell from high fidelity,
Thank God, low ditto: yet who cares
how thin,
When certain cadences get under way,
The fossil baritone or violin?

Robbed

Somewhere along the way I changed
my person
With an old man. Where is he now,
that thief?
Perhaps enjoying in my flesh exertion
Only a criminal could carry off.

Late-Born Infants

His last few cycles for piano Brahms
Described as lullabies of his own sadness.
What marvellous things old men hold in
their arms,
That sleep and wake and bring them
fleeting gladness!

Dreams

It's dreams of jealousy that now give pain,
Not jealousy itself. The feeling's gone
In actual life – as well as the
beauteous, vain
Possession it spied and grew viridian on.

Time

It seems, because of inactivity,
That sombre suits, black shoes
and motor-cars
Last longer. But meantime across my eye
Flickers the yearly shifting of the stars.

Winter

I step from the house at nightfall,
thereby knowing
How startlingly life continues in the wild –
Far traffic's pedal, trees very
quietly growing,
The air as cool as kisses of a child.

Accident

My briefcase falls open in the
street. Displayed:
Aspirins for migraine, chocolates for
my wife.
Despite my 'oh, bugger', strangers come
to aid
The old boy picking up his bits of life.

Winter's End

Match-heads of white and ochre on
the jade
Match-sticks of snowdrop and crocus;
almost pink
Warty excrescences on the peach's twig:
And suddenly birds have time to sing
and chase.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

On the Rocks

That Good Between Us *Warehouse*
Pillars of the Community *Aldwych*
The Apple Cart *Chichester*
The Bells of Hell *Garrick*

The theme for this week, classmates, is the corruption of society, a subject as old as Ibsen and as young as Howard Barker, both of whom we are very fortunate to have with us today, along with G. B. Shaw, the noted vegetarian and propagandist. Shaw's view, if we may deduce it from *The Apple Cart*, is that we need a strong and sane man to save us from the dereliction of a democracy in thrall to the big corporations. A Mussolini, perhaps, or, better still, a Stalin, or (even better) a G. B. Shaw. Mr Ibsen, who is the one with the beard like the burning bush and the air of having just led the Israelites through the Red Sea, is represented by *Pillars of the Community*, which suggests that respectable businessmen may be go-getting cheats and hypocrites. His solution is, however, altogether apolitical, an appeal to individuals to clear their eyes, minds and consciences of fibs and fol-de-rol. And last and in most ways least we have Mr Barker in his leather jacket: that's right, the one presently kneeing Mr Shaw in the groin with rebel yells of 'fascist'. A very eager boy, Mr Barker, always on the go.

And always making the same points about Britain on her last legs. Remember *Claw*, in which a fractious ponce was murdered by his ruling-class clients in one of those 'psychiatric hospitals' we had all thought peculiar to Soviet Russia? Or *Stripwell*, where the victim is a liberal judge, shot dead by the rampaging prole he's imprisoned. Or *Fair Slaughter*, that promise of doom to come for the ragglety-taggle crew which has too long led and exploited us? Mr Barker would regard our nation's celebrated moderation, decency and humanity as so much facade, a pink gloss coating an increasingly profound schism between classes and factions, certain to be scorched off when the struggle intensifies, as will happen in the very near future. *That Good Between Us* presents tomorrow's horror: the army used for strike-breaking, journalists arrested and academics dismissed, Special Branch interrogating unruly elements in 'real depth' and dumping mutilated remains on public commons, and, presiding over it all, a Labour Home Secretary with a marked resemblance, in Barbara Leigh-Hunt's pale, strained performance, to Mrs Shirley Williams.

So here we have another example of that increasingly popular genre, the Theatre of Cataclysm, its merits and shortcomings by now almost predictable. The play bustles along in cinematic style, brisk, inventive and exciting: it is also skimpy in analysis, often implausible and sometimes pretty paranoid. Is it likely that a Leftish conspiracy within the army would advertise itself over convivial pints of beer in a London pub, and acquire no jot of caution even after its membership has been decimated by the secret police? And precisely how and why has Britain, that accomplished patcher-up and muddler-through, parlayed her way to disintegration? Are we really so near to civil war as Mr Barker's beleaguered imagination would like to suppose? It may be that 1984 will see us critics rattling our begging-bowls outside the fortress in whose catacombs Brenton, Hare, Edgar and the rest of Mr Barker's fellow-Jeremiahs are mouldering. It *may* be; but the onus is surely on him to prove the more sanguine view blinkered and complacent, rather than simply dandle his quaking fingers in the vague dreads at the back of our minds.

But if the play could scrutinise political events more carefully, it is less spotty when it comes to coping with the characters creating them, which is unusual in a genre not known for richness of role. Its police chief is a cliché that not even Patrick Stewart's unflurried acting can reclaim: the family man, obsessed with his lame child, who feels no qualms about crippling other men's sons. The Home Secretary, clinging on to her shaky self-esteem as she's cajoled into atrocity after atrocity, is better, and so is the anarchic *agent provocateur* energetically played by Ian McDiarmid, an example of human unpredictability and the spirit of survival that has life as well as symbolic point. But the most arresting part and performance is John Nettles's spy, a glum, brooding tightmouth with an implacable grudge against a disappointing world. Here, perhaps, is a genuine threat to the stability of the state: the newly-educated, newly-risen man who is finding it unexpectedly hard to become new-rich; middle-management robbed of the material rewards the careers masters promised; a Jaguar mentality condemned to drive a slightly-used Cortina. If the rest of Mr Barker's diagnosis had been similarly compelling, he might even have convinced us that Britain is, indeed, suffering from terminal septicaemia.

This is the production that opens the RSC's Covent Garden hideaway, a converted rehearsal-room whose ad-hoc, ramshackle appearance seems well suited to Mr Barker's theme. Meanwhile, down at company headquarters, we have John Barton's efficient revival of a play custom-built to justify all the philistine slurs on the good name of Ibsen. It is laborious and didactic, cluttered with characters and overloaded with significance: a painfully emphatic attempt to redefine the notion of 'community', here seen as a conclave of closed minds, the weaker of which are regularly ripped off by the stronger, with all due affectation of piety; a furrowed sermon in favour of tempering the Norwegian murk with a little sweetness and light. And yet, in spite of everything, it is impressive, meaty in itself and a promise of meatier things to come. The objection, properly considered, must be to the play's manner rather than its matter. Clement Scott, whose first-night notice of *Ghosts* is as notorious a document as our theatre's coffers contain, inevitably invited the Ibsen of *Pillars* to pick up his blue pencil and cut the cackle. But even he was compelled to confess that 'we can feel every beat of Consul Bernick's heart, understand his temptation, appreciate his mental agony'.

And so we do, especially when Ian McKellen is there with ravaged face, throttled voice and dark, hungry eyes to show them to us. Bernick is the community's principal pillar, and there is dry rot inside his church mahogany. His wealth, power and prestige are built on deceit, and, in order to protect them, he's prepared to connive at the death of the innocent brother-in-law who long ago assumed his own guilt. But what makes this so absorbing isn't only his tussle between scruple and will, nor just his gradual seduction into the role Mr McKellen is recreating at the Warehouse later this month, Macbeth, and his cliff-edge repentance and recantation. As much, it is Bernick's ability to identify his self-interest with the public good – and his author's clear implication that he is substantially right to do so. The prosperity of communities, if not their moral health, does depend on powerful, unscrupulous men, and Ibsen is sufficiently open-minded to concede it. There is, to put it at its lowest, an interesting ambivalence in the play which Mr McKellen has the intelligence to see and the talent to communicate. With him so solidly at the centre, and Judi Dench, Eliza Ward and Tony Church in close support, it is an evening well worth enduring.

No need to dawdle over *The Apple Cart*, which is marked by Shaw's pat distaste for parliamentary government, disconcerting at the dawn of the Decade of Dictators. His growing affection for autocracy is somewhat camouflaged by the benignity of the candidate on display here; but the bloodthirstiness of *On the Rocks* is not so many steps removed from King Magnus. The part is serenely enough played by Keith Michell in a production whose sole eccentricity is the casting of the monarch's favourite art-object, Orinthia. Unsurprisingly, Penelope Keith transforms her into a brusque, bossy suburbanite all too apt to clatter and sprawl over Magnus when he resists her.

And, finally, let me beware of reacting unchivalrously to John Mortimer's *Bell*, lest I incur yet more ire from its self-appointed defender, John Osborne, who no longer content to confine his boorishness to the stage, is threatening to duff up unappreciative critics, including (I read 'that ——— Nightingale'. Well, the play hasn't been improved by expansion from one act to two; but it still manages to b

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pretty funny about the foibles of an increasingly godless C. of E., classically represented here by Peter Woodthorpe's trendy creeping Jesus, a vicar it's easy to imagine presiding over flashers' lib, gropers' glee-clubs and all those other causes dear to his soggy rubber heart.

Films

John Coleman

Freaked Out

Fellini's Casanova (X) *Prince Charles*
Between Friends (AA) *Covent Garden Cinema*
La Religieuse *NFT, 11 August*

Certainly it is not Casanova's Casanova, or mine, or likely – one suspects – to be yours. *Fellini's Casanova* is impersonated by that lanky actor, Donald Sutherland (who tends to be as good as his material), as a mildly fulminating fop with a talent for bed-work, a painted and curled fellow often shown in risible underwear, a freak among freaks. And one heaves a despairing sigh at the opportunity missed, for if anyone could have made a resounding account of that 18th-century rake's progress – he died in 1798 at the age of 73 – it ought to have been Federico Fellini. God knows he took time enough and money enough over the project: two years back, he was saying,

> Reconstructing Venice at Cinecittá costs more than Venice itself, but I need a Venice with more water, more water everywhere, a city that's like an imprisoning amniotic sac, a moist bladder within which Casanova lives his imaginary life.

But he was also voicing the sort of old familiar doubts that led to $8\frac{1}{2}$. Having signed on, he read the *Memoirs* and found them boring and impersonal; he had casting troubles; he was terrified at the thought of shooting in English. (The language, in the event, whether Italian, German, French or a bled-out version of our own, is stupefyingly banal, with one exception. Consuming a dozen eggs before embarking on a sex-duel with a coachman, Casanova then busses a court wench. Her pert response – 'It's like kissing an omelette' – must surely have come from Anthony Burgess, who is credited as dialogue consultant.) And, out of such hesitancy, such screen-fright, have come 160 minutes of shreds and patches.

The closest the botched occasion comes to achieving coherence – episode succeeds episode, country replaces country, without reason, rather as if Ken Russell were making a lost version of the *Alices* – is where Sutherland's Casanova is all too clearly displayed as not enjoying himself, even (even!) when humping an insatiable hunchback in some kind of huge rolling wooden boudoir or taking the delicious Henrietta (Tina Aumont) in his arms. This Casanova strays through a Venice in carnival or frozen over, various German courts, a misty stretch of somewhere-near-the-Thames, as if he had been wound up. The metaphor is apt since the film pursues it, however half-heartedly. He carries with him a sizeable gilded bird that rises and flaps its metal wings during its owner's moments of congress: one of his passing loves is for a mechanical doll. In a closing dream sequence, of which Fellini should be thoroughly ashamed, the old, derided cocksman lunges after disappearing beauties in his long-lost Venice; catches a glimpse of the baleful eyes of a great, inexplicable statuary head which had bobbed up from, then down into, the waters during the festival that started the sad revels; rediscovers his life-size clockwork doll and turns, turns with her to Nino Rota's facile music. Maybe, as an Italian among Italians, Fellini finds a release from present anguish in all this, but it is at some distance from his earlier fantasies with their giant tarts, their clowns, their cracked trumpets: they were perhaps therapy but they passed very well for art, most of them. This is a far cry and one of pain. There are several astounding images (Giuseppe Rotunno is once more his photographer, and Danilo Donati his art director), enough to make one wonders what was left on Ruggero Mastroianni's cutting-room floor. It is typical of some central failure of nerve that the sight I remember most keenly is that of the huge chandeliers in a theatre being lowered to ground level, where their many candles are snuffed out by men with strange implements.

This item of extinction has absolutely nothing to do with story, character, even atmosphere. But, then, nor does Casanova's meeting with his mother, which immediately follows; nor does an earlier, silly encounter with a silly Pope. It will not serve any longer that a director of such genius should indulge himself in these equivocal little nose-thumbings at his own past. When simpering Pope and bedizened momma share a golden coach in that last dream, we are in the unhappy presence of infantilism. It is not that Fellini necessarily takes on more than he can chew: rather, the reverse. His *Casanova* is a pitiful regurgitation.

Far too long neglected has been the Canadian Donald Shebib's *Between Friends*, first noted at the Berlin Festival back in 1973, when it went under the title of *Get Back*. The Covent Garden Cinema is to be congratulated on its rescue. The outer plot concerns the planning and execution of a payroll robbery from a Northern Ontario mine. This is doomed to disaster from the outset, as is made evident from the whole tenor of the inner action. The nearest to a whole tenor is, one might say, young Toby (played by Michael Parks with some James Dean mannerisms and a fetching joke bird-call all his own), who is initially seen as wheel-man in California for a gang of dope-smugglers. Shiftless, he briefly visits his wife and small son before making out for Toronto and an old-time surfing chum, Chino (Chuck Shamata). Surfing, or memories of it, proves a motif soon run into the ground, culminating in Chino's symbolic hacking away at an old surf board when he learns that, not long after his arrival, Toby has been sleeping with chum's girl-friend, Ellie. This Ellie is miraculously touched in by the fine Bonnie Bedelia, who has one of those faces I am wont in older ladies to call lived-in but here at least looks tenanted. She grows on the viewer, as surely as she is meant to grow on footloose ol' Toby. 'I'm just not running a kindergarden,' she blurts after the two buddies have been horsing around with beer-cans in the street (the men have that special relationship, expressing itself in arm-punching, rolling about in puddles, and monosyllables, so common in the transatlantic male). 'One little boy around here is enough.' As I say, it ends in bad news that left me cold, but there are plenty of shrewd, small, intimate scenes that recall the best of Cassavetes.

La Religieuse (1966) is to be regarded as part of a current season at the National Film Theatre, 'Rivette in Context'. At least, that seems to me the best way of approaching this second work – his first was *Paris Nous Appartient* – by the anfractuous director, Jacques Rivette. The full title should read *Suzanne Simonin, La Religieuse de Denis Diderot* and this is a fib: Diderot's epistolary novel, letters from a captive nun, was never like this either in tone or intent. (By the way, the longer title was forced on the director by the then censors.) The outcome is spare, Bressonian – always excepting a farcical interlude with giggling sisters and a lesbian Mother Superior when Suzanne switches convents – and much too long. Anna Karina, barely known at the time, looks suitably distraught. Students would do well to attend the season, which also includes a lot of films that have interested and/or influenced the director. They are further advised to purchase *Rivette: Texts and Interviews*, a BFI publication, price 75p. But don't blame me.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Tough Talk

Yes, it was pure pleasure while it lasted, but it didn't last, and I must now be manly and not blub. After all, it may be many a dark month before I'm again permitted to enjoy those elementary freedoms which the rest of you can take for granted all year round: the freedom to doze off during the most absorbing stretches of a really important *Panorama*, to read a hardback now and then without feeling that you've somehow let down Melvyn Bragg, to buy another (then another) round without having to unfold your Elkan Allen. And, of course, most dizzying of all, the freedom to exclaim 'This is unwatchable' and mean it; to get in there, good as your word, and actually *not watch it.*

Dizzying indeed. Much palsied though I've been these last few weeks, with barely the strength to lift a grape, it's depressingly instructive that my medical advisers have throughout been baffled by the speed of my off-button reflex. Erroneously, the quacks

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have taken these eccentric motor responses to infer the presence of a will to live; how could they know that if I didn't meet my maker I would have to sit up and watch *Meet the Press* (LWT)?

Still, my problems of adjustment – as it happened – paled before those of the guest on this American grill-show: Peter Jay, ambassadorial sub-clauses at the ready, trembled in the dock as a quartet of steely-eyed journalists and broadcasters unyieldingly reminded him of what he'd actually said not long ago about Concorde, the Common Market, Britain's future and all the other things he's now obliged to be so keen on. It was sad to watch Jay shift in his seat (wishing surely that he could, for the night, be back in one like theirs) and produce the waffle and evasions – and the vocabulary and syntax – of the tamed mouthpiece. You could see that he was anxious to persuade us all that he knew how to be 'diplomatic' and would therefore be good at his new job; but you could also see that he was pretending to be dumber, and more dishonest, than was tolerable to a man of his gifts and intelligence. His solution was to talk extremely quickly, through a more or less closed mouth, hoping – as it were – to make the best of a good job. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that he fired a few dozen chauffeurs when he got back to the pad that night.

Another interviewer discovered in the wrong seat this week was David Frost, who was the star-turn on the Jubilee come-back of *Late Night Line-Up* (BBC-2). Michael Dean, one of *Line-Up*'s original interviewers, has been working in New Zealand for the last few years and it was therefore hard for him to disguise his envy of the portlier, much better travelled Frost. Frost, needless to say, was not inclined to make things easy for the puppy and somehow managed to bask contentedly in the blaze of Dean's self-consciously 'tough' line of questioning. It must be odd for you, being more famous than most of the people you interview? Yes, well, in a way, but it was probably better for people to be quizzed by chaps they knew of, wasn't it. It has been said of you that you want to be famous for just being famous? Frost affected to bestow some thought upon this teaser, then (still ruminatively): 'I don't . . . think I want to be famous. I want to make a contribution, certainly. I want to experiment. I like to pioneer.' As you may have gathered, what masqueraded as a 'tough' line was unswervingly unctuous in its concentration on Frost's terrific fame. Fairly sickening to watch, but useful now and then: so relaxed did Frost become in the presence of his admirer that once or twice he seemed to forget we were watching too. Asked by Dean how much Nixon had been paid for the famous interviews, Frost said that he had promised not to reveal the sum, but that £600,000 had been mentioned by various journals. He couldn't himself confirm or deny this rumour, because of his solemn promise, but that had been the sum suggested by various journals. 'So they were not wide of the mark?' yelped the rapier-like Dean. Frost, with a hideously gratified smirk now quite beyond suppression, could only say what he'd said all along, that he had made a solemn promise . . . Ugh.

Music

Andrew Clements

Time Travel

The Martyrdom of St Magnus *Roundhouse/Radio 3*
The Raft of the Medusa *Albert Hall/Radio 3*

Peter Maxwell Davies already has one large-scale 'grand opera' to his credit. *Taverner*, mostly written in the mid Sixties but not staged at Covent Garden until 1972, is a *catalogue raisonné* of his compositional techniques and moral preoccupations; yet it was only a partial success, its dramatic impact sometimes smothered in the elaborate transformational procedures of the music. Towards the end of the decade he worked in that ill-defined genre called 'music theatre', producing in *Eight Songs for a Mad King* and *Vesalii Icones* works of undeniable theatrical impact even if the quality of the music is occasionally inferior. More recently, since he began to live and work on Orkney, Davies's musical thinking has become more controlled. The purified and flexible musical technique that solitary island life has allowed him to perfect has given a latent dramatic power to pieces like *Ave Maris Stella*, and the many song cycles to texts by George Mackay Brown have continued to display his marvellous sense of word-setting. An opera was the inevitable consequence, synthesising these developments in the way that *Taverner* summed up Davies's earlier work.

The result is *The Martyrdom of St Magnus*, described as a 'chamber opera in nine scenes'. Davies has taken the libretto from Mackay Brown's *Magnus*, gutting the novel to extract a text of considerable poetic force, removing much peripheral material and concentrating on the story of the 12th-century Viking pacifist, who was Earl of Orkney and died in a civil war with his cousin Hakon on Easter Monday 1117. The opera moves neatly from Magnus's first display of pacifism in the Battle of Menai Strait through the events of the civil war to the act of martyrdom and the first miracle of healing at Magnus's tomb. The forces involved are small: four male singers and one female take all 26 roles and the accompanying ensemble is the usual Fires of London complement with the addition of two trumpets and a horn. The staging is to be as simple as possible and the production by Murray Melvin is designed to be portable – the group are touring the opera in the autumn as part of the Arts Council Contemporary Music network. Davies has aimed to make the opera as direct as possible and for the most part succeeds admirably. The words are audible as never before in a Davies work – the story would be simple to follow even without any preparation – and they are matched to vocal lines of great simplicity. The tortured writing of the Orkney song cycles gives way to an almost Brittenesque clarity; the instrumental writing is spare with even the simplest effects carrying considerable emotional power.

There seems to me, however, to be one fatal flaw that prevents the opera from being the most accomplished of Davies's dramatic works to date. In his novel Mackay Brown brings forward the act of martyrdom to the 20th century; Magnus becomes a political prisoner murdered by the Nazis. Davies has followed this example in 'an attempt to make audiences aware of the possibilities with us (*sic*) for such a murder of a political or religious figure, whatever his convictions'. The murder takes place in the present in any police cell, and to achieve the change of period Davies constructs a 'time-travelling' scene: the cast roam the audience as reporters sending out news flashes of the deepening of the conflict between Magnus and Hakon while the music gradually transforms a few plainsong fragments

Peter Porter

All the Difference in the World

Between the sun beyond the window
and the black Latomia of despair
where her picture lives and where
sexual spasm jets into the ear of Dionysus.

Between those friends on the stairs
bringing wine and praises and the one voice
at midnight reminding me of reparations
exacted of the talentless.

Between the memories of floral sheets
exuding the smell of us in bed
and the hospital ending in
a vapour of morphia and cocoa.

Between the Heavenly Philharmonic
and a sea raging at the inner port
whose lost veins spell death by pressure,
a stroke on the tympanum.

Between the arrival of letters,
neither long enough nor sufficiently tender,
and the platitudes of dreams
stalled on their evolutionary ladder.

Between wounds made by words
and the enduring silence of those
who can talk of love
only in the cadences of memory.

Between the soul as silkworm,
spinning out its time for a new house,
and the soul as a blackened Strozzi
churched in death and unawakenable.

Between poems which make litanies
of our being born and dying
and oracles which mislead us
about the differences between.

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from the 12th century to the 20th. The complete incongruity of this destroys much of the tension built up so marvellously in the preceding scenes; it deprives the murder of its climactic impact and makes a return to the 12th century for the miracle less than convincing. The first performance of *The Martyrdom* took place in St Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall, in June, a setting as unlike the Roundhouse as could be imagined. The sight of plainchanting monks leaving the stage to the distant sounds of shunting trains wasn't conducive to maintaining the mood of the opera. That it survived so well was partly due to the power of much of Davies's conception and to the singers: excellent performances in particular from Michael Rippon in most of the histrionic parts and Ian Comboy as the Military Officer and Earl Hakon.

The other quasi-dramatic offering of the first week of the Proms was Hans Werner Henze's *The Raft of the Medusa*. The evening-long oratorio is dedicated to Che Guevara and it was the first of Henze's works to display the Marxist allegiances which overtook him in the middle Sixties. The story of the shipwreck of the frigate *Medusa* could hardly fail to move the most callous of hearts. The ratings were cast adrift on a raft so that the officers could enjoy the comfort of the lifeboats; when the raft was eventually rescued only 14 of the original 154 survived. Henze's setting does little but relate the events, emphasising the political overtones where appropriate and adding a theatrical gloss by dividing the stage into the sides of the 'Living' and the 'Dead'. There is certainly little evidence of the prodigious musical talent which has been gradually submerged in self-indulgence.

Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Boy Next Door

Elvis Costello: 'My Aim is True'
Stiff Seezz £3.50

At 22, Elvis Costello is just too old to have been one of the rash of babies christened after the King. To have adopted Presley's name – as he obviously has done – must have taken a certain audacity, but on the evidence of Costello's very exciting inaugural club performances last month and an enormously enjoyable first album, the bravado has not been wholly unjustified. There is little of the old heart-throb's irresistible sex appeal, for Costello's talent does not lie in the swivel of his pelvis, but rather in a brilliant approach to the old business of turning out three-minute classics.

The contemporary obsession with punk – a rock form with minimal musical content – obscures the fact that the new wave is only the more self-conscious and theatrical end of a much broader movement away from the artistic aspirations of 'progressive' rock and the cult of the tax-exiled superstar, in the direction of simplicity and accessibility. You do not need a £500 stereo to get the most out of Costello's new album: the songs, concise and well-constructed around catchy melodies, are presented with an admirable stylistic economy – the work of ace producer Nick Lowe. There is no space for flashy virtuosity or the ego-tripping of a guitar hero. The strength of the arrangements and the originality of the 'hook' lines is such that any of the tracks on the record would sound good on a rickety pub juke-box or a cheap radio.

The immediacy of Costello's music is matched by the approachability of most of his lyrics, rooted as they are in the frustrations of a suburban dance-hall lover. 'I said, "I'm so happy I could die". She said, "Drop dead", and left with another guy', he sings on his latest single, (*The Angels are Gonna Wear My*) *Red Shoes*; and the figure he conjures up, without a trace of self-pity, dangling humiliated by the dance floor, may lack the charisma of the masculine street hero of traditional rock dreams (Dion's *Wanderer* or Mick Jagger's *Midnight Rambler*), but he is someone whose vulnerability most of us will find it easier to identify with. While the Stones' machismo droops and Rod Stewart searches in vain for relevant experiences in his superstar's cocoon, Elvis Costello can sing for the boy next door. The punks, spiritual inheritors of the rebellion without a cause, one of the mainstreams of rock'n'roll, express the rage of post-industrial youth; the new Elvis connects with the other stream, the trials and tribulations of the teen-dreamer, successfully avoiding its more insipid tendencies.

The rock musicologists, desperate for an appropriate critical pigeon-hole, have already identified Elvis Costello's vocal influences: Graham Parker, Bruce Springsteen, Van Morrison, Bob Dylan. There are traces of all these in his bruised and edgy voice, just as his whole musical approach echoes almost every rock genre to have emerged in the last 25 years; but far from being a plagiarist, he has – in the best tradition of all folk and popular music – absorbed the lessons of rock history, creating for today a fresh synthesis of all the styles that have preceded him.

If there is any justice in the mechanics of the music business, Elvis will be at the top end of the charts within the next few months. The originality of songs like *Red Shoes*, *Less Than Zero* and *Alison* ought to establish him as one of the major new forces in British rock. There is a danger, however, as the low sales of his first two singles would suggest, that this may not be Elvis's time: the industry and the music press that serves it are now so heavily geared into selling punk products that it may be difficult for so original a talent to emerge. On the other hand, the public may be getting a little sick of the media barrage of punk camp-following, and therefore ready for a fresh unsafety-pinned face. Costello is lucky too in having signed – after being ignored by the major companies – a contract with Stiff Records, the most vigorous of the recently formed small independent outfits.

But should he become rich and famous, the 'Elvis-next-door', along with all the other rock'n'roll successes of the past, will get rocketed away from his 'ordinary' roots: each record that he sells will drag him away a little further from the people who buy them. The way he is shaping up at the moment, it looks as if the slide might start quite soon. Make sure you get to know him before the inevitable paunchiness sets in.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Bali Dancing

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico *Festival Hall*
Hong Kong Silver Jubilee Company *On tour*
Les Danses Sacrées de Bali *Sadler's Wells*
American Ballet Theatre *Coliseum*

While classical ballet and modern dance give us a welcome summer break, we have plenty of opportunities to go ethnic instead. Asia is best represented, with Bali at the Wells till the end of next week, to be followed there by the rare art of Kabuki and the enchanting ladies of the Korean National Dance Company. Mexico on the South Bank for another two weeks is to be followed by the only Iron Curtain contribution – the Krakowiak Folk Company from Poland.

All the companies playing here now excel in rich and varied costumes, with Mexico's being the most spectacular, Hong Kong's the most beautiful and Bali's the most bizarre. The Mexican programme includes numbers which recall ballroom dancing on television and Broadway chorus-lines, but also an extravagant carnival with fascinating masks and giant-size figures and the very athletic deer-hunt, a speciality number which is their closest approximation to ballet. Hong Kong's offering, also seen at the Festival Hall, is a three-part concert: professional orchestra playing rather Westernised versions of Chinese music, student glee club and charmingly amateurish dancers.

Bali's gamelan music is attractive but, to most Western ears, repetitive and monotonous. So are the dances, depending more on hand and finger gestures, masks and mime, than on footwork or excitement. Two-and-a-half hours seemed much too much, but the programme note says firmly: 'In order to understand the dance fully, one must suspend all Western critical criteria.'

American Ballet Theatre, last seen here seven years ago, used to be welcomed partly as a sort of glorified folk company, with Jerome Robbins's Broadway-style *Fancy Free* and Agnes de Mille's Lizzie Borden melodrama, *Fall River Legend*. Robbins has moved on to pure classicism since then,

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and on this visit the company mainly eschewed Americana, showing instead that it has added pure style to dazzling brilliance, to become one of the world's great classical ensembles. The most obvious pleasure was of course the chance to see Mikhail Baryshnikov in five new roles in a week, more than he has done at Covent Garden in three years. In turn he was sensational virtuoso (*Bayadère*), cabaret comedian (*Push Comes to Shove*), possessed modern dancer (*Rite of Spring*), elegant charmer (*Other Dances*) and compelling romantic actor (*Giselle*). He and Makarova were particularly relaxed and persuasive together; her Giselle was less mannered and more moving than it has been recently with other partners. Baryshnikov's unusually sincere Albrecht may be a return to an old-fashioned interpretation, but it now seems fresh and new.

Gelsey Kirkland has been hailed as the new ballerina discovery of the season. For me she remains obstinately a delightful and technically accomplished young soloist, lacking as yet the acting ability and magnetic charisma of a true ballerina. Similarly Fernando Bujones, for all his high entrechats and complex (over-complex?) jumps, remains just a dancer rather than an interpreter. But the company is rich in fine artists: Cynthia Gregory, Martine van Hamel and Marianna Tcherkassky stood out among the women, Charles Ward, Clark Tippet and Kirk Peterson among the men. The Queen of the Wilis and the peasant pas de deux in *Giselle* were admirably done by three different casts, while the precise and musical corps of Wilis got their own round of applause each time. This corps, first seen in Makarova's Nureyev-like staging of *Bayadère*, was the biggest revelation of all, putting paid to the smug assumption that our Royal's is the only rival to the Kirov. But more of that later.

Weekend Competition

No 2475 **Set by Gerry Hamill**

And this is good old Boston
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots
And the Cabots talk only to God.

Thus John Collins Bossidy. Anatomise any other town in similar fashion. Maximum eight lines; by 19 August.

Result of No 2472 **Set by C. Vita-Finzi**

We asked for extracts from *Marxism and Conchology* and other recherché party-line treatises.

Report **by Fat Jeff**

Among this week's massive postbag (which Little Keith is always made to open, in case of accidents) was an unsigned card of an American M48 tank, inscribed BEWARE COMP COMPLEX SMASHER. Whether this was a response to the unserious nature of the present comp, or to The Lemon Kid's petulant ban on handwritten entries last week, was not made clear. Anyway, we shall continue fearlessly to do what we know we have to do – which includes giving seven quid to each of this week's winners, in the hope that the Smasher is among them.

Marxism and Snooker

The accumulation of points is dependent on the ownership of the 'turn', which in turn is dependent on the exploitation of the position of the red balls. The competitive status of the player is dictated by the credit and banking system of points, which he gains by pocketing the fruits of the workers who, in this case, make snooker balls. In a bourgeois snooker economy, the capitalist mode of accumulation of points is a synthesis of the process of production and circulation of the balls on the table, which then represent a converted form of the price of labour power. The ownership of points is directly proportional to the production of balls and tables and cues and is not in any way necessary to the production process.

J. Y. WATSON

Marxism and Sex

Good Marxists will: —
1: Be uncircumcised so we won't persecute the wrong people.
2: Consent to the common ownership of their means of reproduction.
3: Spend at least one week in every year working hard on a farm girl.
4: Be sexually attracted to women discus throwers.
5: Avoid the Orthodox position.
6: Erase the word 'testosterone' from their vocabulary; admire the fortuitously slim hips of girl gymnasts.
7: Believe in the equality of the sexes as decreed by the all-male Politbureau.
8: Give according to their capacity; receive according to their need.

TIM HOPKINS

Marxism and Swimming

The throwback to feudalism was exemplified in the forelock-touching name given to two strokes in swimming. Front crawl was bad enough, but back crawl was worse. Butterfly typified the dandy dilettante of the pre-revolutionary era and had to meet the same fate as the two crawls. This left us with breaststroke, until 1977 thought of as the slowest means of propulsion through water, but now happily the fastest (and only permitted) stroke. The clamour for variety led to the introduction of 'breast-stroke on the back', which was rightly regarded as deviationist, as was 'stroke-breast on the beach on the side', but the final breakthrough in revolutionary thought came with the amendment of the starter's order from 'Take your marks' to 'Take your Marx'.

DAN ROTHENBERG

Marxism and Numismatics

The Marxist science of numismatics studies the historical role of coinage as a weapon in the class war. By identifying otherwise valueless bits of gold and silver with wealth, the ruling classes have consistently sought to divert attention from the fact that the only true wealth is the labour of the working class. Traditionally, moreover, coins have borne the images of kings, emperors, and other fascist dictators; this is in order that the toiling masses, continually exposed to the idealised likenesses of their oppressors, may become hypnotised into a passive acceptance of the existing social and economic pyramid. Why to this day do English coins bear inscriptions in Latin? It is an insult to the card-carrying shop steward on the Clapham omnibus. It is all part of the conspiracy by the guardians of privilege to bolster the mystique of royalty; in order to redress the balance of their own tottering power they invoke the dead hand of Roman linguistic imperialism.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Tony Miles

Chess

No 45 **Amsterdam**

Amsterdam is rapidly becoming my favourite place. Last year, in the IBM tournament there, I scored the best result of my career, sharing first place with Korchnoy. This year, in a slightly stronger tournament (the average rating of the participants was 2,516 – or 240 in real money) I went one better. The scores:- 1. Miles-10½/15; 2. Hulak (Yugoslavia)-9½; 3. Liberzon (Israel), Kavalek (USA)-9; 5. Torre (Philippines)-8½; 6. Sosonko (Holland), Panno (Argentina) and Ree (Holland)-8; 9. Donner and Timman (both Holland)-7½; 11. Adorjan (Hungar), Quinteros (Argentina), Tatai (Italy) and van Wijgerden (Holland)-6; 15. Reshevsky (USA)-5½ and 16. Böhm (Holland)-5. Ree, Tatai, Böhm are IMs, van Wijgerden a candidate IM, the rest GMs. The tournament was a good deal closer than the result suggests. It was only after all the adjournments were finished, before the last round, that I emerged in the sole lead for the first time. Then I had 9½ pts, Liberzon and Hulak 9 and Kavalek 8½.

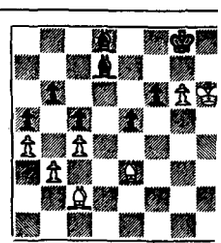
My last round game:

White: M. Quinteros **Black: A. J. Miles**

1. P-Q4, P-Q4 I can only recall playing this two or three times in my life, but I wanted to avoid anything my opponent might have prepared. **2. P-QB4, P x P; 3. N-KB3, N-KB3; 4. P-K3, B-N5; 5. B x P. P-K3; 6. Q-N3!?** A sharp line. More peaceful is **6. 0-0. 6. . . . B x N; 7. P x B, QN-Q2; 8. Q x P, P-B4; 9. P x P, B x P; 10. N-B3, 0-0; 11. P-B4, N-N3.** This, it seems, is an innovation. I prepared this opening before the game, but, having no appropriate literature with me, I had to work out some variations for myself. Fortunately I appear to have stumbled upon a good idea. **12. B-K2, KN-Q4.** The point – cutting off the white queen's retreat. **13. 0-0.** Risky! However, if **13. N x N, P x N** threatens B-N5ch or P-Q5, when the white king lacks cover. **13. . . . Q-R5.** Planning a crude assault by P-B4 and R-B3 and in some circumstances P-KN4. **14. B-B3, QR-N1; 15. Q-R6, N x N; 16, P x N, P-B4; 17. B-N2, R-B3; 18. P-KR3.** I expected 18. Q-K2 or 18. R-N1 followed by Q-K2. **18. . . . R-N3; 19. K-R1.** 19. K-R2 allows . . . N-Q4 threatening N x KP in many lines. **19. . . . R-KB1.** Here, seeing that Hulak had already drawn, and that Liberzon's position was not good I offered a draw which would give me first place. My opponent, a well known fighter, refused. **20. Q-K2, R(B1)-B3, 21. B-Q2, R-N5!** Building up dangerously. I now expected 22. B-K1, R(3)-N3; 23. P-B3 when I intended 23. . . . R x B; 24. Q x R, Q-R4! 25. Q-R2, B x P (threatening B x P); 26. B-N3, N-B5! and the threat of N-Q7 is decisive. **22. R-KN1, R(3)-N3, 23. Q-B3, N-B5; 24. B-K1, P-KR3!** The intention is to prepare . . . P-K4. First the king must be tucked away safely. **25. R-N1, B-Q3!** Not 25. . . P-K4; 26. R-N8ch, K-R2; 27. Q-Q5. **26. R-N7 K-R2.** Intending 27. . . . P-K4; 28. P x P, N x P 29. Q x P, Q x Pch! 30. B x Q, R x Rch; 31. K-R2 N-B6 mate. **27. R-KB7.** Here Quinteros offered a draw – too late! **27. . . . Q-R4!** Winning. Now if 28. Q-N7, B x P! 29. P x B (otherwise Q x Pch) N-Q3; 30. Q x P, R x B. Wins. Or 28. Q-B6, P-K4 29. R x BP! R x B! 30. R x Q, R x Rch; 31. K-R2 P x P! Forcing mate. **28. R-Q7, R x B; 29. Q x R** Or 29. Q x Q, R x Rch; 30. K-R2, R(3)-N7 mate **29. . . . R x Q; 30. R x R, B-B1; 31. R x P, Q-K7 32. R-N1, N x P! 33. P x N, Q x KP. Resigns**

Problem 45:

White to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than Wednesday 17 August.



The solution to problem 43 will appear in next week's issue.

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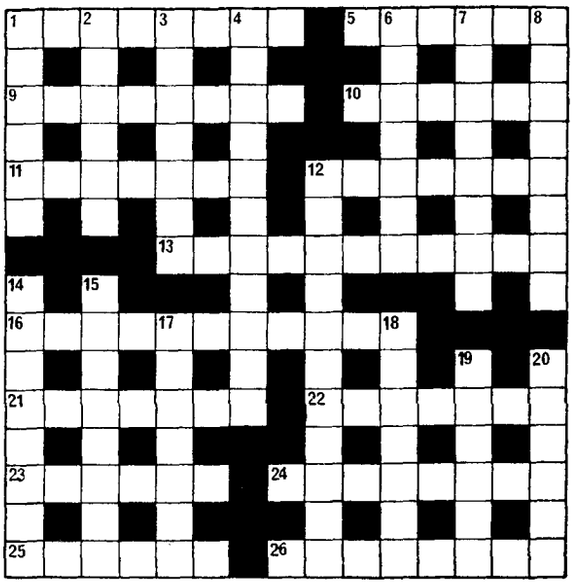
Weekend Crossword 1227

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1227, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 16 August.



ACROSS

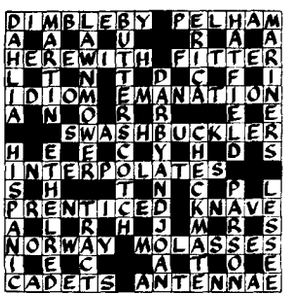
1. Twice hitched (8).
5. Measuring system which gives me most of the knack (6).
9. Possibly done it on time (8).
10. Lent is unusually gaudy (6).
11. Where to go crazy before a girl comes back (7).
12. Division of foot needed when artillery follows wrong cause (7).
13. If flowerless these solitary places would make lots of wealth (11).
16. Study religious activity for a chance to get in again (11).
21. Went round quickly, possibly making her wild (7).
22. Though fat I am prepared to be photographed on the commercial (7).
23. Be plentiful as a result of a great leap forward (6).
24. Measure but walk to it in a roundabout way (8).
25. 'The Midlands That are —— and unkind' (Belloc) (6).
26. Without a struggle the plant would form a border (8).

DOWN

1. Where to prohibit the test? (6).
2. A circle in the wood or a piece chiselled out (6).
3. Word used in transferred sense (7).
4. Gain sounded different when not identified (11).
6. Effeminate, but heroic direction (7).
7. Famous Russian artists entered (8).
8. Failure of everyone up in the wood (8).
12. Chastising the actors and me with detention (11).
14. Levers with two lines in the middle (8).
15. Diverse as a veteran (8).
17. A mix-up with me embracing the wrong angel (7).
18. With a tune in the head I discover somewhere in Africa (7).
19. The fruit is also about to get entangled (6).
20. Part of church which is exceptionally without a saint (6).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1225



Prizewinners to No 1225

Trevor Whittall (Singapore)
Simon Gasquoine (Lond. NW3)
H. Watton (Birmingham 17)

APPOINTMENTS

Employment Opportunities

Occupational Therapist
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10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF, England.
Telephone: 01-836 7788 Telex: 28502 Telegrams: Amnesty London

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Save the Children Fund,
157 Clapham Road,
London SW9 0PT.
Tel: 01-582 1414 X 33

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Particulars from: **District Secretary, Workers' Educational Association, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham NG1 4GF.**

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Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous posts, should be addressed to: **The General Secretary, Bank of England Staff Organisation, 28 Bush Lane, London EC4R 0AE, by 26 August 1977.**

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EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

International Council of Voluntary Agencies

The ICVA seeks to further the work of 90 Voluntary Agencies in fields such as Humanitarian Aid, Technical Cooperation, Relief, Unemployment, Environmental Protection, Population Control, Education, Health and Agriculture.

The present Executive Director wishes to hand over his responsibilities towards the end of 1977 and applications for his successor are now invited from men and women who can offer substantial high-level experience in international affairs and the work of aid organisations.

The ICVA acts as a clearing house of information and ideas but does not operate in the field. The emphasis is therefore especially on communication and inter-personal skills. The post also calls for an exceptional degree of commitment. Complete mastery of English and fluency in French are essential.

The compensation will be in the range of Sw.Frs. 60.000 to Sw.Frs. 80.000. The location is in Geneva. Letters enclosing a detailed resumé and photograph, should be sent in confidence not later than 15 September to:

International Council of Voluntary Agencies
17 avenue de la Paix, 1202 Geneva, Switzerland

BBC

requires

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in the

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of the

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Duties: Writing news talks and current affairs scripts both for translation into Hausa, Swahili and Somali, and also for use in English Programme Department of the African Service. Broadcasting news talks and commentaries in World Service. Production of specialised current affairs programmes and occasional more general programmes, and some interviewing.

Extensive knowledge of or proven interest in international and African affairs required together with proven ability to write clearly and succinctly. Knowledge of French and previous experience of writing on current affairs, and of broadcasting desirable. Based Bush House, London WC2.

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Telephone or write immediately, enclosing addressed envelope, for application form, quoting reference 77.G.381 NS to **Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel: 01-580 4468 Ext. 4619.**

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Details from: **General Secretary, TUC, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1.**

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Application forms and conditions of employment can be obtained from:

The Administrative and Personnel Officer,
The Labour Party,
Transport House,
Smith Square,
London SW1P 3JA.
Tel: 01-834 9434

The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is Monday, 22 August 1977.

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ANIMAL EXPERIMENTS

Over five million experiments on live animals are performed in British laboratories every year, many causing severe and prolonged suffering.

The National Anti-Vivisection Society, in its fight to end all experiments on live animals, seeks your support for the immediate implementation of the following.

Steps towards reform

The appointment of a full-scale Government Inquiry into the moral and scientific justification of animal experiments.

- **AN IMMEDIATE BAN** on experiments not having an obvious relevance to the treatment or prevention of disease.
- **AN IMMEDIATE BAN** on the duplication of experiments.
- **AN IMMEDIATE BAN** on all experiments where obvious or prolonged suffering is likely to ensue.
- **AN IMMEDIATE BAN** on the use of animals where alternative techniques exist.
- **PAIN CLAUSES** A re-wording of the 'Pain Clauses' so as to afford real protection to laboratory animals.
- **ADVISORY COMMITTEE** Re-constitution of the Advisory Committee with the special responsibility to seek a continuing decrease in the number of animals used.
- **RESEARCH INSTITUTE** The establishment of a Government-sponsored Humane Research Institute to study, develop and extend the use of alternative techniques to replace animal experiments.

Your help is urgently needed to end cruel experiments on live animals.
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National Anti-Vivisection Society Limited,
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..... NS

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